

GARDENS OF GREEN



GEORGE M^CPERSON
HUNTER

890

C. J. Bergstrom.

Shineland, Wis.

It belongs to Emma Neal Strickland

GARDENS OF GREEN

GEORGE McPHERSON HUNTER

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BY THE REV.

GEORGE McPHERSON HUNTER

AUTHOR OF "MORNING FACES," ETC.



NEW YORK

GEORGE H. DORAN COMPANY

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GARDENS OF GREEN. I

PRINTED IN THE UNITED STATES OF AMERICA

TO
BETTY
AND
HER MOTHER

"AND THE STREETS OF THE CITY SHALL
BE FULL OF BOYS AND GIRLS PLAY-
ING IN THE STREETS THERE OF."

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GARDENS OF GREEN

I

God's First Emigrant

DOWN at the Narrows in New York, you can stand on the Staten Island hills and watch the tides race out and in. They are called the Atlantic tides, the flood and the ebb of the ocean. But, if you look at the ships; they are bringing in another, the human tide. That flood of emigrants began to come in shortly after the Pilgrim Fathers landed, and it has never stopped flowing over and across the continent.

The United States of America has been the hope of the hopeless, the goal and the refuge of the poor, the industrious and the ambitious. So much of an open door has it been that good people are beginning to pucker their brows and look serious over the "emigrant problem."

Any day in the week you can see crowds of men, women and children from Southern Europe with strange clothes, thick-soled boots and weighted down with bundles on their backs. Little frightened children trot alongside of weary mothers who are carrying big babies in their arms. They have left their

old native lands to get better wages and better living conditions in this big new land of ours.

But did you ever hear about the first emigrant?

The beginning of the New Year is a good time to remember Abraham, God's friend, the first of a long line of emigrants who followed the sandy trails north and northwest. By God's command Abraham left everything, comfort, friends and home; everything our emigrants come to seek he left behind.

God gave him marching orders: "Get up and go into a strange country.

"Look up, Abraham! Can you count the stars?"

He shook his head.

At night he had lain out in the hills, surrounded by his sheep, and gazed at the diamond jewels set in the purple darkness. Abraham had wondered how many there were.

". . . as star follows star
Into the eve and the blue far above us,—so
blue and so far!"

God whispered in his ear: "I will make your children numberless as the stars."

What a promise!

At God's command and with only a promise Abraham went out to follow the emigrant's trail, northwest, seeking a new country.

Columbus, when he went voyaging over the Atlantic ocean in his search for a new land, wrote in his diary: "To-day we sailed on." Abraham, if he could write, would just be able to say: "To-day we walked on." This was all he could do, all God asked him to do, simply to walk northwest with Him.

Abraham was the first emigrant and the first missionary of God, the pioneer of the long line of messengers charged with God's errands who have gone out from their own kindred to settle in foreign countries.

The Pilgrim Fathers were only a band of emigrants from Europe to America. God wanted a new race for the new world and he picked the Puritan Pilgrims and led them out as he did Abraham. Carey to India, Morrison to China, Moffat and Livingstone to Africa, Chalmers to New Guinea were God's emigrants led out to found new nations to be added to the Kingdoms of Christ's love.

Abraham was God's friend because he had faith. Emigrants, explorers, missionaries and pioneers have all been men of great faith.

I saw John S. Paton once in New York. He was God's emigrant to the New Hebrides, a tall, thin white old man with a long beard. When he went out to the South Sea Islands he was baffled for a long time because the natives had no word for

“faith” or “believe.” How could he make them understand what faith meant?

Well! one day when busy on Bible translation a tired native came into his study, sat down, put his feet on another chair and said, “How good it was to lean his whole weight on” the chairs.

Dr. Paton jumped up and asked the man to repeat the words. He listened eagerly. He had gained at last the word for “believe” and he used it always in his translations.

Listen to the beauty of the expression :

“ ‘For God so loved the world that he gave his only begotten Son, that whosoever leans his whole weight on him should not perish, but have eternal life.’ ‘What must I do to be saved? Lean thy whole weight on the Lord Jesus and thou shalt be saved.’ ”

That is what Abraham did when he followed God. He leaned his whole weight on God and so the first emigrant became the father of all who have faith.

II

Gaspar, Melchior, Balthasar

Twelfth Night or The Epiphany

WHEN Jesus was born in Bethlehem in the days of Herod the King, three wise men from the East came to Jerusalem asking, "Where is He that is born King of the Jews for we have seen His star in the East, and are come to worship Him?"

When the wisdom men saw Jesus they offered rich gifts. Gold to signify that He was King, frankincense to show that He was God, and myrrh as a reminder that He was man and would some day die.

In return for these beautiful gifts, our Lord and Master has other gifts. Charity and spiritual riches for the gold, faith in God for the incense, and truth and meekness for myrrh.

So notable was the event that the church instituted a feast called the Epiphany to keep in remembrance the appearing of the three wise men. After the Easter and Christmas it is the chief festival in the Greek, Roman, Episcopal and many of the

Reformed churches. In Holland, Spain, Belgium, and England the children have holidays at the Epiphany season and some old quaint customs are kept alive.

French children have a grand time when Epiphany comes. It's the time of the "King's cake." When a large cake is baked and the youngest child is lord of the cake, the giver of a piece to each member of the family.

Epiphany is the night of the star. When Christ our Saviour, who was the Bright and morning star, first appeared in a lowly stable in Bethlehem.

Away behind the hills three wise old men saw a star rise up in the heavens. I forgot to tell you the names of these men, Gaspard, Melchior and Balthasar. But some verses describe what they did.

"One camel, two camels, three camels come—
The Star at the head and the moon at the tail—
Three big humps and three great Kings,
All silver and gold in the blue of the night.

"To the dancing tune of the crystalline bells,
Gaspar's beard in the wind, Melchior's arms like a cross,
They trot swiftly down from the top of the hill
Where Balthazar's straining his eyes to the Star.

"At Thy feet we lay our scepters down,
Our crowns in Thy arms and our hearts in Thy hands,
And we bring to Thee myrrh and the fine, fine gold
And sweet odors or frankincense."

The gospel of the Babe was for all the world and these three old men were representatives of the ends

of the earth. They were also a picture of a day we cannot see. But it is coming when the cross of Calvary and the cradle of Bethlehem will rule the world. The Epiphany promises a new way, the rule of love in the world.

It is only about a hundred years since a soldier, who nearly conquered the world, Napoleon Bonaparte, said, "Alexander, Cæsar, Charlemagne and I founded an empire upon force. Jesus alone founded His empire upon love and to this day millions would die for Him."

Another King, the Emperor of Germany, said, "My throne rests on the bayonets of my army." Poor, foolish man!

How blind he was not to see the empire of love which Christ is making in the world. Jesus founds His Kingdom on the hearts of men. His is the rule of the loving heart. Jesus does His mighty works by gifts. He asks hearts and gives in return blessing, the "blessings of God that maketh rich." It is because Christ of Bethlehem humbled Himself to give even His life. That other men might give their all.

In the great war men went over the seas, fought, bled and died for the babes of Belgium, the honor of France and the freedom of the world. In star-fire and salt tears Jesus was seen again, a world's

Epiphany. And many thousands have seen Jesus in another form.

It was in a hospital ward that Mary Adair MacDonald had a vision of the new appearing:

“(Frankincense, myrrh, and gold;
Winds His choristers, worlds about His knee . . .
Hath He room at all in His awful Treasury
For the gifts our Kings unfold
That can ne’er be told?)

“This is the night of a Star.
This is the long road’s ending.
They are sleeping now; they have brought their warrior
 best
To the Lord their God Who made them;
And lo! He hath repaid them
With rest.—

“This is the night of a Star.
The laugh that rings through torment, the ready jest
Valor and youth, lost hope, and a myriad dreams
Splendidly given—
He hath taken up to the inmost heart of Heaven
And now—while the night grows cold, and the ward-
 fire gleams
You may guess the tender smile as He walketh hidden
In the place where His Wise Ones are.”

III

The First Twins

HOW would you like to be twins?"

Nobody answers.

Well, in the days when the world was at school in the first grade, Isaac, son of an emigrant, was blessed with twin boys. He named them Esau and Jacob. God made them opposites in character. They had their own peculiar dispositions.

Esau was an outdoor fellow, always climbing trees, fishing, hunting, and trapping. He had an old dog, likely a first-class ratter, and in his pockets he carried bait, crusts of bread, fish hooks and a rabbit's foot for luck. Rainy days he spent in the stables; Esau was a smelly fellow, good natured and likable, too. I nearly forgot to mention his appetite. His stomach was his first care in life. At dinner he rarely forgot to ask: "Is there any seconds on this?" and "What's for dessert?"

Jacob, his brother, stayed at home, dressed well, brushed his hair and looked nice. He spoke smoothly and gathered up old iron and newspapers to sell to the junk man, traded alleys and knives. He

stayed away from fairs and festivals, usually, but when he did go he walked around, looked at everything, took in the free shows and never spent a cent.

Uncle Ike, the pawnbroker, says: "If I had a boy like Jacob, I would start another store and make money, too."

Somebody foolishly told Jacob he had arrived in the world five minutes after Esau. From that day on the color of his eyes began to change from good, clear black into green. If you are jealous inside and say nothing AND think it's all right, that nobody knows how you feel, remember your eyes are changing their color; they become green and soon everybody will know you are jealous.

By beating his brother, five minutes, in the race into the world, Esau got the birthright; that is he was the Prince of Wales in Palestine, he would inherit two titles and acres upon acres of land. Esau really did not care very much who was to get all the father's property. Being out in the fields, following game, watching the trail, money and property matters were forgotten. He was big, strong and healthy with an enormous appetite.

Jacob at home was scheming and dreaming and saving his money. The idea that the birthright would go to his brother stayed with him night and day.

No one told Esau to stay home and mind the

farm and the sheep. His old father liked the game he brought home. No one told Jacob to go out and hunt; it would have been a cure for the evil working in his heart. His old mother encouraged him in gathering money.

One day Jacob got a chance to drive a bargain with his brother. Esau had been out on a long hunting trip. He arrived home without game, empty handed, hungry, wearied and out of sorts. Jacob was sitting down to a "mess of pottage," bean soup. He should have risen and said: "Here, Esau, take half of my lunch."

But he saw a chance to drive a bargain with his twin brother. Esau was hungry and wanted food; Jacob had food and he wanted Esau's birthright. Both were living for themselves, Esau for what he could eat, the pleasure of the moment, Jacob for what he could get, the riches and bargains of life. Esau smelled the beans and he forgot everything in life but his appetite. He despised the birthright and yielded to his desire for food. Jacob, his own brother, tempted Esau, and bought the birthright. Esau was as bad as Jacob; he had never learned to put his appetite in its right place. If he had looked into his brother's eyes he would have noticed their changed color.

Esau liked things to eat: Jacob loved to hoard things. The keenness for money of the one brother

in no way excuses the greed of the other for food. It's too bad! But the first twins just thought about themselves. They were selfish. "Me first" was their constant cry.

Twin boys and girls and those who are not twins should learn self-control. How was it Tennyson, the poet, put the idea of self-government?

"Self-reverence, self-knowledge and self-control—
These three alone lead life to sovereign power."

God's word says something better. We are to be God controlled.

"Every man that striveth in the games, exercises self-control in all things. Now they do it to receive a corruptible crown, but we an incorruptible."

IV

Snowy Days and Snowy Ways

SNOW is one of the wonders of God's power. It lies over the earth like a white woolen blanket, covering and beautifying it.

Job in the olden days said: "Great things doeth He which we cannot comprehend. For He saith to the snow, 'Be thou upon the earth.'"

We see God's power in the snow; His strength and protection in sending it to shield the roots and fragile plants from the winter's frost. Then we see God's handiwork in the snow. He fashioned the delicate flakes that cover all the rough places in the fields, broken tree trunks, sheds, torn fences, rocks and the bleak ugliness of the world. All the litter of things left around by men's laziness He covers with powdery white snow.

Snow is the symbol of purity. "The pure in heart shall see God" and the sight of God reveals our sins. What can make us clean and white?

A negro stripped himself of his clothes one day and began rubbing his body with snow. He was asked: "Why do you rub yourself with snow?"

He answered: "Perhaps I shall become white." "Don't fatigue yourself," a wise man advised, "your body may well make the snow black but it will never make you white."

The color of our skin, whether it is black, yellow, red or white has no effect on our hearts. God looks on the inner parts to see if our hearts are white. And lo! There are none of us pure and clean in His eyes. We are all wrong-doers, every one. Our thoughts are rebellious, our ways are crooked, our spirits are haughty, our lives are stained with sin and we want to be clean. Do we not? "He that hath clean hands will wax stronger and stronger."

God has given us a gracious promise about our sins; a rich, full free promise for all the world. By the power of His word He can give us clean hands and clean hearts, that make singing lips, merry ways and useful lives.

"Though your sins be as scarlet, they shall be white as snow; though they be red like crimson, they shall be as wool."

V

The Wooden Cross

IN Scotland, a land that was poor and cold for many years; it is still cold and rainy there but no longer a poor country. In the days of hard toil and poverty the peasants would never burn the elder tree, even when fuel was scarce and the elder branches plentiful. Its name in the Scottish tongue was bourtree and the reason why it was not burned you can gather from the rime.

“Bourtree, bourtree, crooked rung
Never straight and never strong,
Ever bush and never tree
Since our Lord was nailed on thee.”

The ancient Scots believed that long, long ago, when all the world was wrong and only One was right, our Lord was crucified on the bourtree.

The story of the cross is the tale of our religion, the sign of our faith. Priests wear crosses on their robes, women have golden crosses on their necks. The cross is graven on the vessels used at Holy Communion, embroidered on altar cloths, carved on tombs and monuments and put on the steeples

of churches and over the doorways. Some of the greatest cathedrals and churches of the world are fashioned in the form of a cross. In every land, in every clime, you can see the sign of the cross.

As you know it was the symbol of shame and disgrace until our Lord was nailed to the tree on Calvary; then its meaning was changed. All the common things that He touches are instantly turned into glorious symbols of victory. So it was with the cross. The cruel instrument whereon our Saviour was nailed became the honor we were to seek. Christ's Cross makes us His own. He wins us to Himself by it.

"Captain Guynemer, the French airman who finally laid down his life, had, for his gallantry and fearless bravery, gained the French Military Medal, the Cross of the Legion of Honor, and the Croix de Guerre. Guynemer was once being congratulated by some ladies on his latest exploit. 'That was splendid!' said one of them. 'You have now won the Legion of Honor, the Military Medal, the War Cross. What other decoration can you yet win?' 'The *wooden cross*,' replied Guynemer quietly."

We need not cross the seas, enlist as soldiers or move from our seats, but where we are, we can take up the wooden cross of Jesus. Having taken up the cross, what are we to do then? The Bible says:

"If any man would come after me, let him deny himself, and take up his cross and follow me."

What happens? You will find it is hollow in the inside and filled with beautiful flowers and as you march, shouldering your cross after Jesus, the flowers will begin to fall in showers behind you. The deserts of life will blossom with roses. Lilies will spring up and the brier will bud.

"And from the ground there blossoms red
Life that shall endless be."

VI

“Little Boy Blue, Be Clean Through and Through”

BE clean!” cries the ocean as it laves the beach. “Be clean!” says the brook as it gurgles through the meadows. “Be clean!” hisses the cloud as it bursts over the road. “Be clean!” chirps the sparrow as it dips in the well. “Be clean!” roars the gale as it scours the mountain tops. “Be clean!” sighs the rose as it scents the June air. “Be clean!” whispers the angels in the ears of the boys and girls.

“Be clean,” says the Bible, “in heart, hands, eyes, teeth and skin.” “Be clean inside and outside!” commands the Gospel. “Be clean ye that bear the vessels of the Lord,” cries the prophet.

The wisdom writer asks: “Who can say I have made my heart clean?”

Patient Job breaks into speech: “Who can bring a clean thing out of an unclean?”

Many have tried but all have failed!

“A little colored boy once watched his old mammy’s success in bleaching clothes, so he covered his face with soapsuds and lay down on the lawn

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in the hot sun with the hope of turning white. Two hours later his mother saw him and said, 'Lan's sake, chile! Don't you know ye can't make white folks of yerse'f by bleaching from the outside?' she asked."

We are made white and clean from the inside.

Who may ascend and who may stand on the glorified hilltop where the ark and the glory of God rest? None! Save the clean handed and the pure hearted.

There are many beautiful homes in the world, grand people and customs. All of them pass, pass and are passing. But "the fear of the Lord is clean," standing forever.

An old Indian chief with years on his hair, a blanket on his shoulder and a sob in his voice came to the house of God. His face was sad and his eyes downcast. "My heart is bad, my heart is dirty. What can your God say to me?"

"He said the words long ago," answered the lady with the sunshine in her eyes and the music of the brook in her voice and the word of life in her hands. "When a man prayed: 'create in me a clean heart.' Jesus answered, 'I will. Be thou clean!'"

"Who can make me clean all through?"

"Jesus who said, 'I will. Be thou clean.'"

"Little Boy Blue, your child-heart knows;

Sound but a note as a little one may,
And the thorns of the desert shall bloom with the rose,
And the Healer shall wipe all tears away.

"Little Boy Blue, many things are astray,
The sheep's in the meadow, the cow's in the corn;
Come set the world right as a little one may;
Little Boy Blue, come blow on your horn."

Be clean through and through.

VII

David's Buddie

ONE night during the war a soldier stopped me at my door and said, "Give me a match, mister."

"Come in," I said. "If there's one in the house you'll get it."

"Thanks," he answered, "I'm waiting for my 'buddie.'"

A soldier's particular chum is called his "buddie." David, the king of Israel, was a military man and he had a king's son for a buddie.

Older perhaps than the king, certainly better educated, more refined in his manners, Jonathan was bred in the soft ways of a king's court all the days of his life; waited on by servants, used to ease and luxury. Look at the difference! David, shepherd, huntsman, country bred and friend of country men, had a king's son for a buddie. In this wonderful friendship there was love. David loved Jonathan and the king's son returned the affection of the shepherd. And united to love was a deep religious faith. Religion is like mortar, it holds together in times of

cold and heat, riches and poverty, those who love one another. Whatever the differences of social accident and training were, mutual affection and religion made the lowly born shepherd and the highly seated king's son deep friends—buddies.

Well! Boys and girls, we are all likely to have buddies in our lifetime. I trust you may be richly blessed in them, and I propose to you a few rules.

First, stick to your buddie. Jonathan clung to his in face of his father's hatred. Saul, his father, was a strange, dark, gloomy man jealous of David. Jonathan knew that some day his father would lose his throne and David would get the royal place, but like a loyal son Jonathan joined his fortunes with those of his father and kept on loving David. Even if his king father hated his buddie Jonathan helped his buddie, David.

On the eve of the feast of the new moon Saul invited the chiefs of his kingdom to a banquet. The buddies knew a time had come when they would find out Saul's real feeling for David. So between them they made a plot. The shepherd was to go home and visit his father at Bethlehem and Jonathan was to stay in court and watch Saul. At the end of three days David was to appear. Notice what happened!

On the first day of the feast Saul opened his big dark eyes and looked around the room. But he

said nothing. On the second day his eyes wandered over the room again. He scowled, and said sharply to Jonathan, "Where's David?"

"He had my permission, O King, to visit his father."

With a snarl of mad rage, the king threw his javelin at his own son. But missed him. Like a wise man, Jonathan left the room at once.

He was deeply in love with his buddie. Lovers are all inventors so Jonathan invented a telegraph. Taking his bow and arrow he went out into the grounds of the palace and shot an arrow through the air. As his attendant ran to pick up the arrows Jonathan sent another beyond him and cried, "The arrows are beyond thee."

David knew the deep meaning of the innocent words and he arose and fell on his friend's neck and kissed him. Together the buddies wept. Jonathan had saved David's life at the risk of his own by the telegraph of bows and arrows. Oh, the inventions of love!

David became an outlaw. He left all the ties of home and friendship behind, exiled from his buddie.

"It's ill to loose the bands
That God decreed to bind."

He lived in the hills, dodging into caves when he heard voices floating up from the valleys. Hiding

in the bushes, fleeing over rocks like a hunted deer, yet keeping his love warm for Jonathan, his royal buddie, to the ends of his days.

In David's love and fidelity we see our friend Jesus. He does for us all that Jonathan did for David. He invents ways to save us from ourselves. "He sticketh closer than a brother." His help, pity, and power is at our command.

"Help of the helpless,
O, abide with me."

VIII

An Adjusted Conscience

WHEN I was a boy my brother in India sent me a Christmas box. It was ebony, polished and shiny black. I opened it and there was another box inside. I opened that one and found still another. There were boxes in the inside of boxes until I came to one so small that it would not hold another.

Boys I have found to be like my present, just boys in the inside of boys. Tear off the wrapping from a rough, freckled faced boy and you find a gentle boy. Tear off another covering and you find a pirate boy, off comes another layer and you discover a poet boy, and so on until you reach the real boy. One lad is after all many boys, with the real fellow hidden away inside so far that only his mother—and sometimes his father—and God—ever sees him.

"Do you see that boy on the back bench?" a teacher asked me.

"The one with the elbows out of his coat and the face of a Raphael angel," I replied.

"He's no angel, but he's white inside," the teacher

assured me. "He has a good conscience, he is clean and true," continued the teacher, as he showed me to the door.

God made us with a conscience. It is part of our inside furnishings as real as our stomach, hearts or livers. A boy's conscience is like a ship's compass. It requires adjusting. Before a vessel starts on a voyage, the ship owners take her to some quiet place and the adjusters find out the errors and correct them. Then only is the compass fit to steer by. No sea captain would take a vessel out of the harbor until he knew his compasses were correctly adjusted.

Why should a boy start to sail the voyage of life until his inward compass, conscience, is adjusted? This "tuning up" of our inner life is a patriotic duty, and a great protection. Oh, the wickedness that has been wrought in the world by men who have not had their consciences adjusted by God's standards of right and wrong!

Women were burned in Salem, drowned in Scotland. Men put on the rack in Spain, held in bondage and sold by their fellow men, who were perfectly conscientious about their cruelty.

But how are we to get a good conscience void of offense towards God and man, one that will work as God wishes it should work? Now be very still while I explain the mystery of a good conscience.

One Monday afternoon I saw a sun dial on a vil-

lage lawn. The sun was shining brightly on the green grass, and the dial registered half past three o'clock. So did my watch. But if there had been no sun, only darkness, and I had flashed my electric torch on the dial would I have got the correct time?

"Oh, no."

I would have got any time I wanted by placing the light at any angle. The right time would have appeared the wrong time, and the wrong time the right time. A good conscience like a sun dial needs God's light. The illumination of God's Holy Spirit makes our conscience work correctly.

The Father in heaven has given us two lights; the inner light of His Holy Spirit, and the outward light of His Holy word.

"If the light that is in you be dark, how great is the darkness."

Who wants to walk in darkness? Well! we might if we refuse God's spirit, and our conscience remains unadjusted.

How are we to get our inward guides made true, and where do we go to have them adjusted? Ship-owners and shipmasters know the places to go with their untried compasses.

In the land of the North, where the hills watched over my home, we had a quiet Loch where commanders brought their ships. There was stillness. No rushing tides, or heaving waves to disturb the

calm, no metals in the mountains to deflect the needles of the compass. In perfect quietness the newly placed instruments were adjusted. Men discovered that still Loch.

God created a place where the conscience of all his people should be adjusted, the church of God. The quiet haven of rest, away from the noise of work, the attractions of the busy world. Everything that deflects the conscience is shut out.

Sunday is the day when our consciences are put right, corrected, and adjusted for the week. All that a preacher or a Sunday School teacher can do is to bring folks into the light, point to the light, or hold up the lamp that shines on conscience.

Such is the "mystery of the faith, in a pure conscience."

IX

Jesus Looked

WE are all interested in the face of Jesus. Men have tried to paint His face. How did He speak, and how did He walk? Have we not often wondered about the looks of Jesus? He had, I am sure,

“A sweet, attractive kind of grace
The full assurance given by looks;
Perpetual comfort in a face,
The lineaments of Gospel books.”

But His eyes, they saw all the precious and the pitiful things in the world.

He had the rare gift of vision. Eyes that saw into the heart of things.

On the poor woman in distress Jesus looked with pity. His eyes were wet, yet with power He looked through the salt tears.

His eyes went everywhere, up to His Father in prayer, down to the dust in sorrow, flashing out with anger at irreverence and injustice.

He looked tenderly on the fallen, lovingly on the weak, kindly on the wayward, carefully on the poor,

calmly on His enemies, patiently on His disciples, generously on the Samaritans, and with great searching love on Peter who denied Him.

Oh, those eyes of Jesus!

Long years after when He rose into heaven, the Apostles of the Master remembered His looks. And John, when stricken in fear alone in the Island of Patmos, says, "I saw the Lord."

He had seen Him in Galilee, on the hillside, transfigured, in the garden betrayed, on the cross crucified, and in the garden at Easter, resurrected.

He recognized Him walking amid the golden candlesticks. Here is the lesson.

Look on the Holy things of life. Keep a guard over your eyes. Be careful of your looks, for people remember our eyes, the expression of love, anger, or reproach. Our eyes make photographic pictures that never fade.

Once on a snowy Christmas night I saw a little girl. Her eyes were shining like the candles on the Christmas tree. In her brown hair a knotted ribbon held the strands back from her brow. Around her neck was a gold chain. She was dressed in white and the lights made her dress shining white. Her smile was like the morning sun.

That picture will never fade away.

In my vision I carry another picture.

It was a Sunday afternoon in March. The little

girl I saw on Christmas night was lying in bed, white and wan. Her aunt sat by the bedside holding her hand. Her mother rose to go. As she passed out of the door the child fastened her eyes on her mother with a loving expression and smiled farewell.

“She looked a little wistfully,
Then went her sunshine way:—
The sea’s eye had a mist on it,
And the leaves fell from the day.”

Then in an hour, she looked into the face of Jesus and the smile of eternity was in her eyes.

“The eyes of them that see shall not be dim . . . they shall see the glory of the Lord, the excellency of our God . . . and the King in His beauty.”

X

The Land of Lovely Savings

WE all know how easy it is to lose things. We lose our hats, clothes, pencils, money, time, dolls, toys and sometimes ourselves. The world is full of lost things.

George McDonald, a Scotch poet, tells us about a little girl. She lost her dolls. Her thimble ran below the stairs and she could not find it any more. Round her neck, the little girl wore a string of beads. By some accident the string broke and the beads were scattered everywhere. One day she went out and lost her way over the hills. She wandered into the woods. There she found a brook. She followed it and the brook got lost in the sea. Then the worst of all her losings was the loss of her mother. There was not another bosom in all the world where she could lay her head. Then she lost the dimples in her cheeks; the snow lady came from the Northland and took them away into the land where the lost things go. Then she lost her health and last of all, she lost herself. The world slipped through her fingers like the sand on the seashore.

Then she went whirling through clouds of pearl gray
into the blue, so far and so blue, on to the land where
the suns never set.

“For first she found her mother,
And for very joy she cried;
And then she found that other
Who kept her heart inside.

“And she found herself all mended,
New-fitted clean and white;
And she found her health new-blended
With a radiant delight.

“So, if you cannot keep things,
Be quiet till to-morrow;
And mind you don't beweeep things
That are not worth your sorrow.

“For the Father great of fathers,
And of all the girls and boys,
Us in His arms all gathers,
And cares about our toys.”

XI

Eagles and Sparrows

IN the letters of Theodore Roosevelt, American, President, statesman, patriot, sportsman and eternal boy, there is a wonderful saying by his wife.

It seems that during the great war, when the last of their four boys enlisted in the service of his country, the allies, and the world, Mr. Roosevelt was just a little daunted when the youngest left for the front.

We understand now how his brave heart was cast down. His health was beginning to fail, but his wife said to him, "You must not bring up your children like eagles and expect them to act like sparrows." A noble saying worthy of an American mother. And long years after she is laid beside her husband people will remember and quote the words.

Theodore Roosevelt did his best to train Americans to live an eagle life. He called it a "strenuous life," a life of effort for God and country. He set us all an example by living nobly, working hard, acting independently and going regularly to church.

Consider now the character of the eagle:

They never go in flocks; like Mr. Roosevelt they

are independent. They soar beyond the lower areas of life. An eagle life is one lived above and beyond the earth.

"Do you imagine that is easy?"

Well, it is not, I assure you.

"Remember now," a queen mother in a Royal Palace would say to her son, "some day you are to be a king."

The Royal mother was trying to make a man out of her Kingly son, to put the eagle spirit into him!

"Now remember, boys and girls, some day you are to be men and women. Have you determined to have the eagle spirit? We are called out of sparrowhood into eagleship!"

Hear the call of the Sparrow!

He chirps and chatters in the hedges, around the chimney corners. On the city streets he hops and jumps between the cars. Sparrows pick out of the rubbish and feed on the crumbs of tables. They fly in flocks for safety and never, never soar into the blue sky like the lark or the eagle.

Sparrows are common birds, they are hunted and despised by common men. Nobody cares very much for a sparrow. They have no thrilling song, beautiful coloring, or useful service. Sparrows live inglorious lives. "Are not two sparrows sold for a farthing?"

They have poor lives, ah, yes, but great funerals. God, the maker of heaven and earth stands by the bed of the dying sparrow in the fields.

Hear the call of the Eagle!

Come up to the heights above the earth. I nest on the mountain tops. My children play among the snow peaks. On windy days I watch the white clouds bend down to the cold crags and kiss the earth good-by before they go into the blue, so blue and so far. At daybreak I see the yellow sun rise out of the white, curling sea. All day I watch the sun, and nod its rays good-by at night.

The stars twinkle over my nest. Flashing lightning and crashing thunder play over my head. My path is towards the rainbow. I see all the ways of men below and the roll of the land. Out of my nest I watch the city lights at night go out. Up where I live all things are vast and limitless.

I soar to the sun and scream to the winds, as I rise and rise and rise.

The eagle is doing what God wants us all to do—To rise up to "perfection's sacred heights." To love the things that are lofty, to see the world from the heights, where God looks down on men. To be Kingly in character.

How can we escape from a sparrow life into the high heights of the eagle? There is only one way, and I am sure Theodore Roosevelt knew it.

Here is the secret: Wait on the Lord.

“They that wait upon the Lord shall renew their strength, they shall mount up as eagles on wings; they shall walk and not faint.”

XII

Let Us Laugh!

IN the days long ago, when the world was young, a woman held a baby in her arms. She looked at it and said: "God hath made me to laugh and every one that heareth me will laugh with me."

Certainly; for God has made us for laughter. God has taught us to laugh. He plans laughter as a part of our life. Laughing is good medicine. And the way to live long and die happy is to laugh.

"Was there ever a family like ours where there is so much laughter?" said Charles Kingsley.

Old Solomon was a wise man, very wise indeed, for he said: "A cheerful heart is a good medicine" (or, as the Hebrew puts it, "causes good healing"), "but a broken spirit drieth up the bones."

"I am persuaded," wrote Laurence Sterne, "that every time a man smiles, but much more when he laughs, it adds something to his fragment of life." Let us lengthen our days then by laughing.

Dr. Clark of Bellevue Hospital, New York, once said, "Many lives might be preserved through years of usefulness if the medical fraternity would only

give more attention to the scientific study of laughter." We have heard much of late of the faith-cure, the rest-cure; who knows but we may hear next of the laughter-cure?

Laughing is good business. Some of you will be business men and women when you grow up.

Once upon a time a man went into the market to buy potatoes. At the first stall a man scowled, at the second stall, the potato dealer had a cold, dreary face, at the third stall, the trader had a wintry smile, at the fourth stand the potato merchant looked as if he had lost his best friend, at the fifth stall a jolly, fat, laughing old woman sat. "Here ye are, Sir," she cried, "potatoes as big as Swedish turnips. When ye boil them in their jackets they'll all be laughin' at ye."

"Tell me the price, Madam."

"Sixty, sevinty an' eighty cents a basket."

"I'll take all you have," said the buyer with a cheery laugh.

Then every time the potatoes came on the table every eye winked and the potatoes burst their jackets laughing. Father, mother and the boys and girls all laughed and were happy. And old Aunt Sue forgot her indigestion.

That woman made true the words of Charles Lamb: "A laugh is worth a hundred groans in any market."

Laughing is good religion. Some folks look as if they had been christened with vinegar. They look so sour.

Did Jesus say, "Ye are the gloom, the sorrow, the tears of the world?"

No. "Ye are the light of the world."

Children cry in the dark but they laugh in the sunlight. Christ taught us "the glorious gospel of the happy God." So when things go wrong, laugh. If you are afraid, laugh; meals late, just laugh. Somebody says nasty things about you, well, laugh. When you feel like crying, laugh.

For listen to me now. Tears shall be wiped away; an end of tears will come some day. Think of that! But never a time when we shall not laugh.

Away in New Guinea in the South Pacific Ocean where the wild savages are only learning about the religion of Jesus, a native once prayed: "Help us to live a holy, active life here and go hereafter to the place of laughter."

Then our mouth will be filled with laughter and our tongue with singing. Then we shall say, "The Lord hath done great things for us, the Lord hath done great things for us whereof we are glad."

So we laugh!

XIII

Sing a Song of Spring

EVERYBODY loves the springtime. Hale and well, sick and sorrowful look forward to the spring. The days are longer; the sun is stronger; the air is warmer; flowers are peeping out, snowdrops, hyacinths and lilies from the Indian Islands; and down by the brook water cress is appearing. The willow trees are green and the hedges are surging with sap.

The dainty crocus rears her head in the young grass. Yellow daffodils and jonquils are trumpeting the advance of summer. White star narcissus tell of a new season.

The primrose, "the flower of gracious breeding," Ruskin called it, when young is confined to five pinching green leaves whose points close over the bud. That is the nursery of the primrose. They come out of that stage quite naturally like children, unfolding their young lives, until the season when they blossom out in splendid yellow glory in the woods.

It's the modesty and the quiet beauty of the primrose that every one loves. It faces the Easter world with a brave face and blooms on, even in danger of the setback from the retiring winter blasts.

"Oh, little primrose!
Serene thou openest to the nipping gale
Unnoticed and alone
Thy tender elegance!"

I believe the Germans call it the "key flower," a beautiful name, indeed! It was supposed to have magic powers and opened the way to the hidden treasures of the earth.

Well! we believe the primrose to be the key to the summer days. It opens the gates that lead into the smiling morn of summer.

Has not Jesus been called the key to the grave? He rose again and opened for us the gates of Paradise.

Over in the woods the robins are piping their spring song. St. Francis of Assisi loved the birds and they trusted him. He preached to them.

"My sister birds! You owe God much gratitude, and ought always and everywhere to praise and exalt him, because you can fly so freely, wherever you want to, and for your double and threefold clothing and for your colored and adorning coats, and for the food which you do not have to work for, and

for the beautiful voices the Creator has given you. You sow not, neither do you reap, but God feeds you, and gives you rivers and springs to drink from, and hills and mountains, cliffs and rocks to hide yourselves in, and high trees for you to build your nests in, and though you can neither spin nor weave, he gives you the necessary clothing. Love therefore the Creator much, since he has given you such great blessings. Watch therefore well, my sister birds, that you are not ungrateful, but busy yourselves always in praising God!"

Springtime is singing time when we sing and make melody in our hearts. For the best song of all is the spring song in the heart. When God touches our hearts new chords and hidden melodies bubble out.

In Freiburg Cathedral there was a wonderful organ and one day a stranger asked the sexton's permission to play. "Strangers are not allowed," replied the sexton. But the stranger pleaded hard and at last the sexton consented. The stranger sat down and soon beautiful strains filled the Cathedral. Such music as never had been heard before. "To think I refused you permission to play. What is your name?" asked the sexton with tears in his eyes. "Mendelssohn."

A greater musician than he, the Great Musician, is waiting to put his fingers on our heart-strings—

to make melody in the springtime of our lives, to gladden our days and give us songs in the night seasons. Let Him teach us and we can be as He wants us——

“Singing and making melody with our hearts.”

XIV

The Wonderful Tomb

(Easter Sunday)

JESUS was a poor man and when He died a rich man begged His body and buried it in a garden tomb outside the city of Jerusalem. Early in the morning some women bringing spices and herbs entered the garden while the dews were on the grass and the birds were singing their morning song. Only one thought weighed on their hearts, 'how the big stone at the entrance to the tomb was to be rolled away.

The tomb was empty. Inside the grave clothes and napkins were neatly folded and angels were guarding the place where Jesus had lain.

No haste, no confusion, everything in splendid order for the Lord had risen with power.

This tomb was different from any other men had ever seen. Hence the joy of Easter. It was a tomb of beginnings, instead of endings. Jesus was the leader of a new race. He died but He rose again. His followers will be like Him. Death cannot hold

them. Out of the empty tomb of Jesus come all the new hopes of the old world.

This wonderful tomb then was the first Christian pulpit. Women made up the audience, an angel was the preacher and the text of his sermon was, "He is not here. He is risen."

This wonderful tomb was a place of restoration. Joseph buried Jesus but He rose again. Out of death and decay then came eternal life.

A workman in Faraday's, the scientist's workshop, let a beautiful silver cup fall into a bath of strong acid. In a little while it disappeared. The man told Faraday, who said nothing but cast another acid into the bath. In a few moments the lost silver lay a shapeless mass on the bottom, but every grain was there.

They took it to the silversmith's and in a few days it came back again a finer and more beautiful cup.

So will God do with us after the decay and the corruption and horror of the tomb. He will restore us again in the glory of His holy resurrection.

A poor woman in an Eastern city complained to the Sultan that while she slept thieves took her all.

"Why did you sleep?"

"My Lord," she replied, "I slept because I thought you were ever awake."

The wonderful tomb of Jesus was guarded by

angels. But the Lord of the Empty Tomb watches over all the graves of those who sleep in Jesus. Is it not marvelous that he does this Himself? Even the angels are not trusted with this office. He giveth His beloved guarded sleep. Over all the tombs of believers and the baptized children of the church Jesus keeps watch and ward.

This wonderful new tomb in a garden restored the joy, the happiness and the peace lost in an old garden when the world was in its childhood. We live in a world of lost things, lost people, lost dreams and hopes, and the tomb of Jesus is the entrance into the land of "lovely savings," where all the lost things of life are restored.

Easter is the glad festival, the springtime of the church. So let us sing and be glad.

"Christ is risen—He is risen!
Mighty winds the tidings spread,
Budding trees and fields extol Him,
Christ is risen from the dead!"

XV

The Royalty of Giving

TO get things is easy, to give is hard; and to withhold from giving hardens the heart and dries up our sympathies. Who wants to be hard?

Now, the way not to be hard is to learn how to give, for the act of giving makes us Godlike.

First of all we should hand ourselves over to God. Then give our money, talents, time, service and love after the manner of Christ, our pattern.

Giving is a duty. Some grown up people never know that, and to make a rich man see his duty a plain speaking minister said, "Look here, my friend," and he wrote "God" on a piece of white paper. "Can you see that?"

"Why certainly," answered the rich man.

"Spell it," said the clergyman.

"G-o-d. God."

Then the preacher took a silver dollar from his pocket and laid it upon the word "God."

"Can you see it now?" he asked.

"Oh! No—how can I?" replied the rich man.

"Thine eyes—are but for thy covetousness," said

the minister. Dollars were covering the vision of God. The poor rich man had never learned the duty of giving. Giving is a joy.

Once in the early decades of the last century in the town of Blairgowrie in Scotland those who left the State church to be free from government rule in church life, had great difficulty getting a building for the worship of God. At last they got some land and stones to build with. So they went on with the material they had until they came to the lintel-stone for the door. There they stuck fast and could get no further ahead. One day the minister called on a poor woman. She was a member of the church and heard of the need of a large stone. With great gladness she offered her hearthstone.

"I am proud to give my hearthstone for the house of God." It was joyfully accepted and long years after when a fine new church was built her hearthstone was given a prominent place, and to this day the story is told about her.

Surely Jesus, who promised a memorial to another poor woman, remembered the woman in Scotland "who did what she could."

"Giving always brings reward. Once in the golden ages when some men saw with clear eyes the things that were dim, there was a man named Pyrrhus. He found a captive in a pirate ship. He

had compassion and bought him and his goods, which consisted of several barrels of pitch.

The poor captive saw that Pyrrhus had out of his goodness of heart bought him. So to reward his buyer he showed him a great treasure of gold that he had hidden in the pitch.

Pyrrhus became enormously rich by his small sacrifice.

Then we have always before our eyes a living pattern of giving, a model to copy after, in Jesus Christ our Saviour. He has shown us how to give.

“He gave Himself for us, the just for the unjust.”

XVI

Escapes by a Hairbreadth

DID you ever see a boy curled up in a chair, absorbed in a book? You cried, "Hello!" He never heard you. Why? The story was at an exciting stage and the hero had escaped by a hairbreadth. He just succeeded in scaling the prison wall, or he has just broken from a fierce tribe of Red Indians, or he is flying for his life from a horde of cannibals.

An Australian, F. W. Boreham, says the three most popular books in the English language (and he could have said some other languages) are crammed from cover to cover with astonishing records of hairbreadth escapes. The books are: "The Bible," "Pilgrim's Progress," and "Robinson Crusoe." Why did he not mention Stevenson's "Treasure Island"? How we watched the boy in the barrel!

Look at the Bible. Here are Lot's escape from Sodom, Isaac's escape from the altar, Joseph's escape from the pit, Israel's escape from Egypt, Moses's escape from Pharaoh, Elijah's escape from Jezebel, David's escape from Saul, Jonah's escape

from the deep, Jeremiah's escape from the dungeon, the Hebrew children's escape from the burning fiery furnace, Daniel's escape from the lions, Peter's escape from prison, Paul's escape from shipwreck, John's escape from exile, and very many more. Did ever book contain so many astounding adventures?

Bunyan's "Pilgrim's Progress" is all about Christian's escape from the City of Destruction, his escape from the Slough of Despond, his escape from Apollyon, his escape from Vanity Fair, his escape from the Flatterer's net, his escape from Giant Despair, his escape from the Valley of the Shadow, and his escape from the waters of the river. And as for "Robinson Crusoe," there is a hairbreadth escape on almost every page.

In the history of the men of the church: John Wesley never forgot his deliverance, as a child, from the burning parsonage. Dr. Thomas Guthrie had a miraculous escape from falling over the cliffs of Arbroath. John Kruse had a wonderful escape from the bullet of an assassin. In America George Washington nearly lost his life at White Plains. In Africa David Livingstone, the African missionary, was under the paw of a lion and escaped.

There are many ways of evading the hard and the actual things in life.

Is your world small, narrow and hard? Then you may escape into a bigger one by books, out into

the company of the wise, the noble, the great, princes, potentates, explorers, inventors, discoverers and the adventurers.

"The snare is broken and I am escaped!" cries the boy who has been sorely tempted to impurity. A hairbreadth escape! God provides a way of escape from every temptation.

We sometimes want some one to help us escape from ourselves. Do you ever get tired of yourself?

"There is one person from whom you *must* contrive to escape," said the Doctor to Lady Inglesby, his patient, in Mrs. Barclay's "Mistress of Shenstone."

"One person——?" queried Lady Inglesby. "But whom? Whom can you mean?"

"I mean Lady Inglesby," replied the Doctor gravely.

And Lady Inglesby went to a seaside inn at which she stayed incognito. She wrote: "It was a stroke of genius, this setting me free from myself."

God has provided a way for those who cannot run: the Sanctuary. In the deer forests the deers have a place. It is called "The Deer's Sanctuary," I believe, where they can retire, and no one will molest them. If a hunter entered their haven of refuge the deer would leave and never return.

God's church and worship in the Sanctuary is our place of escape. The hymn says:

"And oft escaped the tempter's snare
By thy return, sweet hour of prayer."

God's house is our escape from the corruption in the world. There we retire from the noise, the strife and commotion, get hold of eternal truths, see celestial lights and put our souls on the top of the world.

XVII

It's May Day, Hurrah!

THE merry month of May is here, hurrah!
It's May Day, hurrah! May Day is festival day in the church and out of it.

In merry England, bleak Scotland, and sunshiny America the first day of May is ushered in with festivals, dancing, fire-lighting, parades, and May-pole dances.

In dear old dirty London town for hundreds of years the dairy maids dressed in their best clothes and called on their customers on May morning. That was continued until milk bottles and sanitation was invented. Chimney sweepers, too, held high revel at mid-day on May Day.

The old rime says:

"The first of May is garland day
And chimney sweepers' dancing day.
Curl your locks, as I do mine,
One before, and one behind."

In Scotia the girls go into the fields on the first day of May and wash their faces in the morning dew. It makes their cheeks rosy all the year round.

But let us get out into the country for it's May Day. Hurrah! Hurrah!

The sun rose out of its bed of saffron clouds, behind the black hills, and smiled over the green fields of tender grass. The smell of summer is in the air.

From the walls of an old garden comes floating the fragrance of wall flowers. Years and years ago monks walked along the paths, reciting their evening prayers and the piety of these old Abbey tenants lingers in the fragrance of the flowers. Years and years after they have gone their prayers bloom again on May morning. Even the breath of flowers is incense to God.

Beds of double daisies, forget-me-nots and pansies are spread out for the dainty feet of the May Queen to tread on. Along the farm road you pass below the cherry trees.

"The cherry trees are seas of bloom,
And soft perfume, and sweet perfume."

The petals fall like snow, whitening the roads, and every man and maid can walk on a perfumed carpet of blossoms white. On low bushes, against the fence, in old John's garden roses are pouting their red lips and offering May morning kisses to every passer-by.

Hush! be still, listen.

Over the hedge, across the fields, on the bridge,
by the brook, the birds are singing May songs. A
Hallelujah chorus to the God of May Day.

“Do you ask what the birds say?” The Sparrow, the
Dove,
The Linnet and Thrush say, ‘I love and I love!’
In the winter they’re silent—the wind is so strong;
What it says I don’t know, but it sings a loud song;
But green leaves and blossoms, and sunny warm
weather,
And singing and loving, all come back together.”

On May Day the birds sing of love, summer and
sunshine. Hurrah! Then after dark on May Day
the owls cry, “tw-whit-tu-whoo—” through the
dusk at the moon.

“It is May, and the moon leans down all night
Over a blossomy land.”

Hurrah! Hurrah! It's May time.

XVIII

“The Pink and the White”

(Mothers' Day)

THIS is Mothers' Day in America, when the carnations are worn in honor of the mothers.

Boys and girls away from home are sending letters and telegrams home to mother. Busy city men stop and say quietly under their breath, “my mother.” A beautiful, hallowed custom! Long life to the mothers of our land! For the mothers promoted into eternal rest, welcomed into the mansions of God by Jesus, Son of Mary, we are wearing white carnations. Mothers in glory are remembered. They have loved, they have lived, and departed, continue to love, leaving fragrant memories of devotion and service. For the mothers still with us we are wearing pink carnations and holding up our heads in pride. They are here lifting us up and urging us on.

A boy fell into the water when his canoe upset about a mile from shore and he swam to safety.

"How did you manage, my son?" said his mother.

"I thought of you."

How many millions there are doing their best because of the thought of mother!

Mothers' Day makes us remember the need of our souls being white. An old English play describes a character having "soul as white as heaven." It is splendidly possible to wear the white carnation of a blameless life.

There is one way to do this great thing, only one way, by Divine chemistry. The stains that smirch our souls, the black blotches of sin can all be changed. "Though your sins be as scarlet, though they be red like crimson, they shall be white as wool."

So much for the soul, now for our clothing.

Let it be told on this Mothers' Day by all the mothers to all the sons, "Let thy garments be always white." In the palmy days of old Rome when her victorious eagles were known in every land, the return of a conquering army was a great event in the capital. Citizens turned out to give them a white reception. They wore white togas, the white garments worn only at religious festival seasons. If it were possible, I wish all the mothers of brave men could wear white on Mothers' Day, the symbolic dress of victory. Well in their honor the sons and daughters can keep white because our mothers were tired and sleepless for us, they endured pain and

anguish and went down to the edge of the eternal sea and brought us back from the land of God's births. For us they were blameless and white. What a debt we owe them!

“Happy he
With such a mother! Faith in womanhood
Beats with his blood, and trust in all things high,
Comes easy to him, and though he trip and fall
He shall not blend his soul with clay.”

XIX

The Fruits of Whitsunday

IT was a new day for the world when the blessed Spirit came down at Pentecost. The event is known in the church as Whitsunday and occurs fifty days after Easter Sunday.

In the early days of the church of Christ, those who had been taught the simple truths of our Christian faith presented themselves for baptism in "albo" or white garments. Hence the name Whit- or White-Sunday.

The symbols of the Holy Spirit are chiefly the "tongue of fire" and the peaceful dove. It was in flaming tongues of fire that the spirit descended on the apostles. But as a gentle dove He came down on the Lord Christ.

There are some things we should remember about the Spirit of God. The Holy Spirit is a person and a gift from God to those who believe in His Son. Like God, the Father and the Saviour He has a work to do. He is the dispenser of God's gifts, God's almoner to the poor world.

One day when Paul was an old man he sat down and wrote out a partial list of the fruits of the Beloved Spirit's descent at Whitsunday. At the top he wrote: "Love." The chief fruit is love.

It happened in heaven that the glorified men were discussing which of them all owed most to redeeming grace. Each told his story. Then they voted until only two were left in the contest. The first of the two was an old man who had spent his life in sin and on his deathbed had been forgiven. The other, an old man, too, had served God from his boyhood. When the last vote was taken the second man won because his life had been full of love and the one who had sinned most had seen and felt only one act of love at the close of his days.

The greatest thing in this world is love.

Then Paul added "joy and peace" to the list. They are like twins, clear, bright-eyed, warm-hearted girls. They dress alike and look alike. Only by their jewels can they be distinguished. Joy wears a glowing ruby; Peace, a radiant pearl.

Long suffering, the grace of patience with cross grained, surly people. Kindness or gentleness, simply being pleasant and meeting our friends half way. When addressed roughly, not answering back in the same spirit.

"Oh! but that is not natural."

Yes, I know! But the Holy Spirit is the gentle

Spirit. By His grace and gift we do the things that are naturally impossible.

Goodness is something better than good manners.

Maeterlinck says: "Be good at the depths of you and you will discover—those who surround you will be good at the same depths."

Trustfulness is the club we use on giant suspicion and all his green-eyed relations. The power to believe the best in face of the worst.

Meekness.

"Greater is he that ruleth his spirit, than he that taketh a city."

Moses, the meekest man was a mighty ruler, leader and lawyer. Abraham Lincoln, the strongest man America has produced, was one of the meekest of mortals.

Self-control is the bond or binding that holds all the other fruits together. The power we need to master our appetites and desires.

"Who keeps no guard upon himself is slack
And rots to nothing at the next great thaw."

To deny ourselves nothing that we crave, if we can get it, is a poor sort of a person, indeed.

In ye olden days the faithful knight, as shown in the pictures, had every muscle in his body trained. His armor and his spirit were under rule. He was a knight in self-control and chivalry.

Why cannot all of us be Dames and Knights of
the Order of the Holy Ghost?

By the Glad Spirit's power we are mastered. At
Whitsuntide He crowns us.

"Thee o'er thyself I crown and mitre."

XX

What Do You Think?

WHATEVER you think the bell clinks," just try it and find out.

My first school, set on a hill overlooking a busy river, had a little tinkling bell. It rang in a fussy, jerky way: "Come-to-school. Come-to-school. Come-to-school." You see we were thinking as the bell was clinking: "Come-to-school. Come-to-school."

God made our minds for thinking. All sorts of thoughts come crowding into our heads like sheep crowding into a sheep-pen. Day and night our thoughts are working on something.

How many and how different these thoughts are!

Heavy, hammer thoughts, hard and strong that fall with shattering blows and break up the good things we try to do, shattering our best intentions into little fragments, hardening our hearts and making us forgetful of all the lovely things in the world.

Serpent thoughts, sneaky, wriggling things. Ugh! I would like to dismiss the subject, but every

boy and girl in the world should be warned about the power of unclean thoughts. Evil imaginings are "vain things," says the old Psalmist of Israel, away back in Judea.

Evil thoughts are like radium, says the Scientist in the twentieth century. He works in the college laboratory and understands the power of evil and radium. That wonderful mineral, if carried in a tin box in the inside pocket of a boy's coat, so great is its power, that it would burn its way through the box, the clothing and into the flesh! Carrying radium around would be death. So our unclean thoughts, if carried in the heart, eat through the flesh and the skin and corrupt even the clothing.

Strive with all your might to keep your thoughts clean.

Fretting thoughts! Oh! the uselessness of fretting and worrying.

"Worryfolk are sure to frown,
Be the weather what it may;
Keep in sight of Sunny Town,
And you cannot lose the way.

"Hill paths are the best, you'll find,
Sunshine falls on every hand;
So beware of paths that wind
Down the vale to Worryland."

Vagrant thoughts we have in abundance. They come tramping into our minds. You know what a tramp is: a hobo, those aimless wanderers over

the roads, who never work, but live on the folks who do the work of the world. One of these vagabonds said:

"Dunno about life—it's jest a tramp alone
From wakin' time to doss.

.

"My mark's the gypsy fires, the lonely inns
An' jest the dusty road."

When our minds are idle, vagrant thoughts come tramping in, wild thoughts like the ponies on the western ranches, without reins or harness. They come trotting into the open pastures of our unfenced minds.

"Fleeting thoughts on wings of fancy, up from the swamps they rise."

"Father, I can't sleep; thoughts keep crowding into my mind," complained a sleepless girl.

"Tell your mind to lie still," replied the father.

"But my mind won't obey. It will not sit down when I order it," answered the child.

"Dear me! What is one to do with all these vagrant thoughts? How are they to be controlled and kept in their proper place?"

In all ages wise men have tried devious ways of mastering the thoughts of our minds. It's an old problem with an easy solution:

We are to think the thoughts of God. "Let the mind that was in Christ Jesus be in you." Then

His great thoughts will master our little wayward thinking. His master mind will control our serving mind. For there is a law that governs all thought. A rule and a road that leads to noble thinking. Whereby every thought becomes a captive of the Master.

“Whatsoever things are true, whatsoever things are honorable, whatsoever things are just, whatsoever things are pure, whatsoever things are lovely, whatsoever things are of good report—think on these things.”

XXI

The Blushing Flower

THE home of Jesus our Saviour was in a lovely country. All around the place where He lived with His mother, and sisters, and brothers were flowers, both wild and cultivated.

By the roadside, on the hills, in the valleys, across the fields where the white sheep grazed, and the shepherds watched the young lambs, flowers were growing.

Our Lord had a lovely life and a lowly death, but He was raised in a land of flowers. They budded, bloomed, and filled the warm air with their rich fragrance.

I am sure He knew the names of all the blossoms in Nazareth. But as far as we know He only drew attention to one among the hundreds of varieties that spread in rich profusion around His mother's home.

To the anxious, worried people about Him, and the disciples who always wanted to know what was on ahead and round the corner, Jesus said:

"Consider the lilies of the fields; they toil not,

neither do they spin, yet Solomon in all his glory was not arrayed like one of these."

"Give heed" to them, pay attention, look closely at the lilies.

"Why," you ask, "did He single the lilies out from among all the flowers of the land of Nazareth?"

In my humble opinion the first reason was on account of their beauty. Jesus our Saviour loved beautiful things, the flowers, the trees, the blue sky with white speckled clouds, the clucking rivers, and gurgling brooks, the sunsets, when the sun went down in the night clouds behinds the blue black hills of Galilee.

If we grow like Him we shall love the beauty of the world as He loved it.

We address God as Holy! Infinite! Mighty!

Why should we not say, "Beautiful art Thou in Thy Holiness, O Thou Son of God, Lover of all things fair and bright"?

"How beautiful God is!" I heard a lady say, as we sailed up a river in Western Canada. Overhead the cliffs hung like granite eyebrows over the shining river; green grass on the banks, and all the quiet glory of a summer day slumbered beyond the Rocky Mountains.

Yes, God is beautiful, and He loves beautiful folks who are the lilies of His Home.

Consider the lilies. How common they are! The boys of Nazareth could pluck a handful of them as they ran to school. Girls put them in their hair, made lily chains and garlands of them. Jesus wanted us to see how glorious was the common flower.

"God must have loved common folks," said Abraham Lincoln, the man who rose from a cabin home to fill the Presidential chair, "because He made so many of them."

Most of the things that every one of us must look at, live amongst, and do, are ordinary, plain things. And God makes them in abundance like the lilies. God says to us, "See the beauty, watch for it. Consider long enough and you will see how much beauty there is in common things."

Lilies then we see are beautiful, common and humble.

An old world tale says that the ordinary lily of our Lord's land was once very proud. But our Saviour gave it a new beauty.

One day Jesus was walking in a garden and the flowers had come to know that Jesus of the village was God, visiting the world. All the trees and the flowers saw in Him their maker, and when He entered the gardens the trees would whisper to the bushes, and the bushes passed the word to the flowers, "The Master is coming."

Then all the plants bowed their heads in humility until the Lord of Heaven and Earth passed by.

"Bow, He comes," whispered the flowers.

The lily held up her head in pride. Jesus came along and looked at the unbending flower. "Lily," He said gently. It blushed and hung its head.

That's the reason for the lily's humility.

XXII

Blossom Time, It's Blossom Time

(Children's Day)

CITY folks are content enough with their pavements and streets until the spring comes, when the grass appears in the public parks, the water cress in the grocers' windows, and the Italian organ man with his monkey begins his rounds. Then busy working men and women hear the brooks gurgling above the noise of trolley cars. They become flower hungry, and pine for the sunshine and the fields.

Alfred Noyes put their craving into words when the barrel-organ caroled out:

"Come down to Kew in lilac-time, in lilac-time, in lilac-time;
Come down to Kew in lilac-time (it isn't far from London),
And you shall wander hand in hand with love in summer's wonderland,
Come down to Kew in lilac-time (it isn't far from London)."

There's a welcome for you out in the green meadows. Myriads of daisies will nod their heads as you pass by.

"When daisies pied, and violets blue
And lady-smocks all silver-white
And cuckoo-buds of yellow hue
Do paint the meadows with delight."

How beautiful and useful are the daisies! They are protecting, so a poet says, by their shadows the dewdrops from the sun's heat. Modest crimson daisies are God's umbrellas over the dewdrops.

Long, long ago when the world was in rompers, before it went to school with Jesus, the Lord said to a prophet, "What seest thou?"

"What I see is the rod of an almond tree," replied the prophet. The almond was called by the Hebrews "wakeful." Its garland of flowers coming early in the year of the Holy Land, before the rest of the plants had wakened from their winter sleep, gave it that name.

"Then, said the Lord, thou hast well seen, for *wakeful* am I over my word to perform it."

God is awake early in the year to fulfill His promises. And the blossoms are God's beautiful promises of fruit and harvest.

It was Isaiah, another Hebrew prophet, who cried out when his people were poor, very poor. Indeed they were infirm, afflicted, needy and hopeless.

"Israel shall blossom and bud and fill the face of the earth with fruit." That promise has been

abundantly fulfilled, for from the far East to the near West the Jews are everywhere.

Then blossoms are tokens of God's faithfulness. He promises and fulfills. Some people promise everything and do nothing. They forget all about it in a few moments. Not so God. He promises and gives us blossoms as tokens that He will keep His word.

"What is a token?" you ask.

It's a sign of something done, or some favor coming along. A key on a college man's watch chain is a token that he has done good work in his classes at college. He led his class in study, diligence, and conduct.

The rainbow in the sky is God's token that He will not fail the world. Sunshine and shower, seed-time and harvest, summer and winter shall not fail.

So the blossoms are spring tokens of eternal faithfulness. Fragrant promises of autumn harvests, sweet forerunners of orchards and gardens filled with ripe fruit.

Blossoms are pictures of God's character. How varied. How beautiful, how timely and how fragrant are the blossoms. God is varied in His ways; blossoms and fields are not all alike. He makes boys and girls to differ from one another, as one star differeth from another in glory. God arrives in time, just when we need Him most. And the

aroma from the characters of these who are flowers in God's garden pervades the world.

The rich bloom in the meadows and orchards are peep holes, by which we look into the glory of God.

When our Father in Heaven has His way with us and His holy purposes are our first thought, and every man seeks to do the will of God, "what will happen in the world?"

"The wilderness and the dry land shall be glad and the desert shall rejoice, and blossom as the rose. It shall blossom abundantly; it shall rejoice even with joy and singing."

XXIII

The Tale of the Chrysoprase

WHAT a strange word, chrysoprase!

Some of you are wondering whether it is the name of a bird, a boy, a city, a flower or a girl. It sounds strange, foreign; and so it is. A Greek scholar would break the word into two parts. Let us divide this queer word.

Chryso is a Greek word which means "golden." *Prasos* means "leek." Welshmen love leeks; it's their national flower. Ah! you say, "Golden leek. Chrysoprase is a common vegetable." No, you are wrong.

It's a stone, one variety of which is golden-green and the other apple-green. One remarkable thing about this beautiful stone is the quality it possesses of retaining its color in artificial light.

Once upon a time, about twenty years before the American revolution, Frederick the Great of Prussia was fighting in Silesia. He found great quantities of chrysoprase in that country. Its color pleased him so much that he had two famous tables made

of it. Then the nobility who followed his lead adopted the stone and it had a great vogue.

But long, long before that when the apostle John was on the Island of Patmos he was describing the foundations of the wall of the New Jerusalem and he said the tenth stone was the chrysoprase.

It's a stone with a use, a message, and a story.

Many years ago, when the world was young and innocent, there lived a beautiful Princess in the land of Roumania. Her name was Princess Trina. In other countries there were beautiful princesses. Some had stony hearts, and cold eyes, and haughty manners, but the Roumanian Princess had a loving heart, gentle eyes, and gracious ways. Best beloved of all the Royal Ladies, for she cared for her people.

But alas! alas! the rain did not come down and a hunger for bread was in every home. "Go into other lands and buy corn," said the rulers, which the poor people did. And the prices rose higher—and higher. They paid what was asked until their money was all used up in keeping hunger from the door.

When Princess Trina heard of the need she began to sell her jewels and gave the money to the famishing peasants. Diamonds, rubies, pearls, emeralds, all were sold, save one jewel which she valued highly, a little golden lizard with chrysoprase eyes, given by her mother on her wedding day.

A wise man had once told her never to part with

it because some day it would bring her help and untold wealth. Besides, whoever wore the chrysoprase would have the gift of understanding the language of animals. Naturally the Princess Trina was loath to sell a jewel with such powers. But mothers were suffering, children were crying day and night for food. Could she keep her last jewel and see her people perish with hunger?

One evening after a trying day she knelt by her window, praying for strength to sacrifice her little golden lizard with the chrysoprase eyes. She looked up and on the window sill sat a lovely little lizard. Her eyes opened wide in surprise. The eyes of the lizard sparkled like the frost on a wintry night.

"Oh, Princess," said the lizard, "do not despair, help shall arise for thee out of a river. Only seek."

At once the Princess arose, put on her cloak and went out to look for the River-of-help. She searched the mountain streams until her feet were sore, wandered over the plains but found no river of help. Sometimes she was tempted to give up. Then she recalled the lizard's words, "Do not despair, help shall arise for thee out of a river. Only seek."

At last she came to a mountain pass, working her way down the stream which formed the Ruil Doamnei and there she found at the river bank a great treasure of chrysoprase, the color of her golden lizard's eyes.

She sent for miners and they dug it up and sold it and bought bread for her famishing people and they ate in plenty until the famine was ended.

That is why the waters of the Ruil Doamnei are leek-green even to this day.

Now for the message.

"Seek ye first the Kingdom of God.
Seek ye first the Saviour of the Kingdom,
Seek ye first the law of the Kingdom,
Seek to enter into the gates of the New Jerusalem,
Whose tenth stone is adorned with chrysoprase."

XXIV

Prince of the White Rose

HERE in America we have had a visit from David Windsor, Duke of Rothsay, Baron of Renfrew, and Prince of Wales, heir to the British crown.

He came in our midst a smiling young stranger, and left behind him a host of friends and admirers. His guileless simplicity charmed the American people.

"He is just like one of ourselves," a Washington lady remarked. He said we were democratic enough to be British and we think he was democratic enough to be American. The young Prince came, he was seen and he conquered the hearts of millions.

"God bless the Prince of Wales."

The old world across the Atlantic has seen hundreds of Princes play their part and pass on. Some of them heroic, others romantic, a few beautiful in character. Harken! while I tell you about a Prince of Scotland, the White Rose Prince, one of the most beloved figures that ever flitted across the pages of history.

In Scotland, even to this day, old-fashioned people talk of Prince Charlie. He rode down the High Street of Edinburgh to Holyrood Palace through a surging crowd who strewed the ground with a carpet of white roses and waved their white-cockaded bonnets.

It reads like a fairy tale, his visit to the capital, but the wise old minister of the West Kirk saw a dark day for Scotland if the White Prince ascended the throne. Wisely he prayed "for the young man who comes seeking an earthly crown. May Heaven speedily send a Heavenly one."

He was only a Prince Charming! A few months of glitter, then the candles went out, the songs and laughter died. Then there was black Culloden Moor to remember with tears, and the noble who died in vain. So passed Prince Charlie of Scotland.

All the princes pass on, but one Prince abides forever. The Prince of the Kings of the Earth, king of kings and Lord of Lords.

What a great title!

He is the Prince with the crown of thorns on his head, a royal scepter in his nail torn hands. He is the Prince who is a Saviour. Hosanna to the son of David! Blessed is He that cometh as a babe and reigneth as Prince Royal in the hearts of the world.

A poor woman in India heard that God loved even her in her dark little home and wanted her love.

"But," she exclaimed, "I need some great Prince to stand between me and God!" To learn about God she asked a Pundit—that is one of the scholars—to read the Bible to her.

He began at the first chapter of Matthew and read the list of names in the genealogy of Christ.

"What a wonderful Prince this Jesus must be to have such a long line of ancestors," the woman cried out in surprise.

The Pundit read on until he came to the words: "Then shalt thou call his name Jesus, for he shall save His people from their sins."

"Oh!" the woman exclaimed, "this is the Prince I want! This is the Prince I want! The Prince who is also a Saviour."

He is the Prince we all need! The Prince absolute, the Prince accessible, the Prince necessary, the Prince sufficient, the Saviour Prince of Peace.

XXV

Living with the Adverbs

BOYS and girls in the advanced grades know something about adverbs. In grammar they are first cousins to the prepositions, and by three of them we can nearly express the life we should live in this world.

The Episcopal church uses these three wonderful adverbs in the form for Adult Baptism, the General Confession, and in the Consecration of Bishops.

Soberly is the first word.

In the speech of the New Testament we are to hold our mastery over temper, appetites and thoughts. Be balanced, steady and temperate in the things that relate to our bodies.

When Greece was in her bloom Euripides said for a man to go soberly through life was "the fairest gift of the gods." Such is our first duty to ourselves.

Righteously is the second word.

Be upright, be honorable, be true. Live by the law of God. Have you heard the expressions, he is

as "straight as a die," he is a "square fellow," he is a "white man," he "plays the game fairly"?

In the speech of the street these descriptive words come very near to the Bible idea of one who is living righteously.

Such is the way, let me repeat, "righteously" is the way we are to live towards our friends and neighbors. So that at the end of the day the Great Captain in the Game of Life may say, "Well done! You played the Game."

Godly is the last of the trinity of adverbs.

It's the matchless word in the English language, telling us how we are to act towards God; in a Godly way. If we are Godly then we can be righteous and sober.

By way of a hint as to how to be Godly, let us go into the fields. There you will find a certain insect. When put in the water it never gets wet, because it has a way of creating a coating of air that keeps the water from touching it. Down below the surface it defies the water, resists it and keeps dry, untouched by the water.

Godly living means living in the world with a secret atmosphere around us. It means God is our protecting shield, keeping us unblemished, unspotted, and white. We are in the world, but not conquered or submerged by it. God's grace is His gift for life with the three adverbs.

“For the grace of God hath appeared to all men, instructing us that denying ungodliness and worldly lusts, we should live soberly, righteously and godly in this present world.”

XXVI

Epaphroditus

EPAPHRODITUS is a hard word to pronounce. But it's the name of a brave, true, Bible man, and the only gambler we read about in the Book of God.

Listen to the story of what he did.

Paul, the Apostle, was in a Roman prison in need of love, sympathy, friendship and money. He wanted to send Timothy, his trusty comrade, on an errand, but it was impossible, so he sent a letter by Epaphroditus, his brother, fellow-worker, and fellow-soldier. Three great titles!

Epaphroditus had crossed sea and land to carry this letter. He gambled, that is, took a great chance, with his life for Christ's sake, and to help poor old Paul in prison.

Men gamble with their lives for the sake of riches—gold, diamonds, and rubies. Gamblers' chances are taken to discover new countries, to learn the secrets of the Poles, the heart of Africa, and the deserts of Asia. For the sake of science, to wrest from nature her wonders, health, wealth and happiness are staked.

At present the world is ringing with the news of the first flight across the Atlantic. Americans and Englishmen have gambled with their lives in crossing the cold, stormy ocean in frail airships.

Heroes they are, daring pioneers. "The Colum-buses of the air" the newspapers are calling these intrepid airmen.

The world's progress and the spirit of enterprise, the spirit of adventure, the spirit of chivalry is kept alive by these heroic souls.

Who!——

 ". . . with a joyful mind
 Bear through life like a torch in flame.
 And falling, fling to the host behind.
 Play up! play up! and play the game!"

But Epaphroditus had also crossed a sea, the Adriatic. From Philippi clean across the blue Adriatic, then on foot he had walked the breadth of Italy, down into the Imperial city of Rome. "The ministrant to my needs," says old Paul in prison.

Now he was to travel over the same road, brave the old dangers anew, meet cold, hunger, weariness and sea-sickness. It was a double gamble with his life.

Let him have honor for his true-hearted courage. He is a hero, a soldier, an adventurer "for Christ and my sake."

Never a word about Paul's sacrifice do we hear.

Alone in a city that only laughed at the things he believed. In danger of death he writes a letter to these friends away in distant Philippi. He thanks them for their gift. Courteous affection, gratitude and joy bubbles all over the letter, a prison letter carried by a gambler.

With this wonderful letter, more precious than money, Epaphroditus gambles with his life again to carry it to its destination.

The happiness that reigned in that little church in Asia Minor must have been great. And the wonderful part of the story is that it is the last we ever hear about that church. But the message and the brave act of Epaphroditus lives on.

Cattle are browsing among the ruins of the colony of Philippi, but as long as the world lasts Paul's letter to the Philippians will be read. Written in an obscure house in Rome, carried by an obscure messenger, the old prophecy is true.

"The grass withereth, the flower fadeth; but the word of our God shall stand forever."

We have part of the precious word because Epaphroditus gambled with his life to carry it.

XXVII

The Garden That Was Lost

THE gardens are all in bloom and the garden makers are glad. Let me tell you about the garden that was lost.

"How can a garden be lost?" you say. "That's impossible!"

"No, it is quite true the first garden in the world was lost."

Long, long ago, when the world was very young, God made a garden in the East, a wonderful place where thorns and briars never grew, weeds were unknown, flowers budded and bloomed every day. Fruit hung in rich ripeness on the branches, birds sang and the bees hummed in the eternal sunshine. The smile of God hung over that garden of bliss.

For centuries men have been looking backwards on that lost garden.

"So near to the peace of Heaven,
The hawk might nest with the wren;
For there in the cool of the even,
God walked with the first of men.

"And I dream that these garden closes,
With their shade and their sun-flecked sod,
And their lilies and bowers of roses,
Were laid by the hand of God."

God was the gardener and angels helped Him. Now God always shares His good things with men. So He put a man and his wife into this garden. It was to be theirs, all their own, except two trees in the center. On pain of death they were not to touch them.

But the woman could not keep her eyes away from these forbidden trees. She looked so long and so often that the man began to look also. When away from them, they thought about them. Very soon they began to talk about them and wondered why God had said: "Thou shalt not touch."

A spell seemed to hang over the forbidden trees and every day they stood under the branches, looking, thinking and wondering.

One morning they were gazing at the mysterious trees, when they heard a rustling sound among the bushes. Turning quickly around, they saw an old serpent. His diamond-shaped eyes were cold and glittering as he said: "Well! You are looking at the best trees in the garden."

"Yes, we know!" they answered. "But we are not to touch them!"

"Who said that?" asked the slimy snake, coiling himself up lazily in the sun.

"God."

"Do you know why," asked the cunning serpent, "He forbade you to touch the best trees in His garden?"

"No," they replied, looking about in fear.

"Because," and the wicked old serpent laughed, "you will be as wise as God."

The man and the woman looked at each other in surprise.

"Do as you like," continued the old snake. "I'm telling you the truth."

He put his head down and went to sleep.

Next morning the woman rose early, when the dew was still on the fruit, plucked some, tasted and gave it to her husband.

"It's good," they cried.

But very soon they knew they had done wrong for they hid from God. God expelled them from His garden that night.

But in the morning they went to the gates and found two angels, with flaming swords, barring their entrance. The first man and his wife had disobeyed God.

That is how the first and best garden in the world was lost.

XXVIII

The Garden That Was Found

THE sons and daughters of the first man and his wife who had disobeyed God increased and spread over the world. To every child the story of the lost garden was told.

"No one obeys God," the wise men said after many years. "Let us search for the garden that was lost by disobedience." The world was searched for the garden, but no man could find it.

Then the Greeks on the Isles of Greece said, "Let us make a nation. Surely a nation is better than a garden, and once more people will obey God." The Greeks worked for hundreds of years trying to make their country as good as the garden that was lost. They failed.

The old Hebrews said, "We will make a Holy City as good as the garden our father lost." Their city was the joy of the world for a time. But the heart of the citizens craved a garden. They failed also.

In the far East a man named Guatma Buddha said, "I know how to get back the lost garden." Men

stopped and listened. "Keep yourselves under," he advised. "Don't look for anything in this world. Don't ask for the garden and lo, some day it will spring up before your eyes." But he was wrong for his land became a desert waste.

Brave men went over the seas, women wandered over the hills and into foreign lands seeking the lost garden. It was always in some other place.

But no one in all the world could find it.

When the eyes of men were weary with seeking God sent His Son down to the Earth to show them where to find the garden they had lost by disobedience. Men did not recognize the man of Nazareth as God's Son. They mocked Him. They laughed at Him.

"How can He show us the way to the lost garden? He has never been away from home. We know his brothers. He and His family have lived here all their lives. Such foolishness!"

However, a few men believed He knew the way to the lost garden, but one bad man in His company began to doubt. Going to the men who hated Jesus, he said, "I'll show you a garden where Jesus goes at night, if you will give me some money."

They paid him the price. He led them to the garden of Gethsemane, where Jesus was praying. Something terrible oppressed our Lord for He cried in prayer, "Not my will, but Thine be done." Thus

Jesus turned His garden of agony into a garden of victory. From under the whispering trees in the silent night, with the moon shining, they led Him to judgment and death.

Three days after that some women went to the tomb in the garden where Jesus was buried. It was early in the morning and they carried spices for the body.

The women and the disciples of Jesus thought his death was the end of all their hopes. "Jesus is buried in a garden tomb," they said sadly. "We will never find the lost garden of God."

But early in the morning Jesus met them. He had changed His garden of death into a garden of life. By His obedience, even unto death He recovered what had been lost by disobedience.

The garden of the resurrection is the place men sought. It's the lost garden found again.

XXIX

Brothers All

REVOLUTIONS are dreadful things, but sometimes there are bright spots on them. Let me tell you a story of the French revolution. In the outburst of fury that spread over Paris, beautiful pictures and statues were destroyed. Some men burst into a picture gallery, where stood a picture of our Lord. One of the men was about to destroy it with the butt of his rifle.

“Stop!” cried a comrade, laying his hand on his comrade’s shoulder. “He—that man told us about the brotherhood of man.” That deep kinship comes through another brotherhood, the brotherhood of the believing heart.

On a moonlight night in the quaint old city of Jerusalem when the citizens were all asleep, Jesus sat in an upper room surrounded by His twelve friends, and in quiet tones he proclaimed the brotherhood of man that comes by faith in Him. Then to make sure that these men would understand the spirit of the fellowship He rose up, took a towel and a basin of water, and washed the feet of His disciples

to show us that the brotherhood of man is the service of man. Then to make sure they would not forget he said, "As often as ye eat this bread and drink this cup" ye do show the Lord's death until He comes again. That keeps alive in the memories of men the dream of a brotherhood of man.

Speaking about a brotherhood is rather an easy matter, our Lord knew, so He went out and won for us a Holy brotherhood by dying on the cross. The Saviourhood of Jesus makes the brotherhood of man a real fact in the world. To secure it for us He rose from the grave. Without the burst open tomb, and the stone rolled to the one side, we might be wandering and dreaming and walking through the world, saying, "Where is this brotherhood of man?" But when, we are asked, is the idea of men being brothers real? Will it ever come to pass? Will all men in every land shake hands and be brothers for ever?

We just go back to the first Easter morning and say, "He is not here, He is risen," to make the brotherhood of man.

XXX

What Are the Wild Waves Saying?

MOST of you have been down on the beach in the summer time. Do you remember playing on the sand and wading in the shallow waves that broke in white foam?

The sea was calm.

"The whispering waves were half asleep
And the clouds had gone to play,
And on the bosom of the deep
The smile of heaven lay."

But one night the wind rose! What a change! Big waves rolled in angry curves. They broke on the sand with a crash, and a steady roar. The sea was angry and raging in a wild temper. The scudding clouds scowled at the restless waters for the storm king was riding on the ocean. The mighty ocean was talking to us. Hearken! to what the wild waves were saying: "I am the mirror of the world."

Well! old ocean, you are a big flat mirror lying on your back. Sometimes you roll, wriggle and twist. Then the folks who sail on your breast lie down too and say nasty things about you. But the

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things that are high and above you are reflected on your face. The sun and the flying clouds at sea, lighthouses along the shore, hills and trees by day. Then the twinkling stars, the flashing glory of the meteors, and the moon that makes lanes of quivering silver over your smooth face on a still night.

We can all be sea boys and sea girls reflecting like God's ocean the high and holy things of life.

The wild waves say, "I am powerful. No man can tame me. I smash ships, break up the works of men, tear pieces out of the land, grind the rocks, wash away islands. No man can rule over me, or limit my power. I am like God, dreadful in anger and wonderful in majestic grandeur."

The wild waves are saying, "I am the symbol of God. My breadth makes men think of the breadth of God's love. My vastness is the vastness of heaven. My depth is deep as the mercy of God. I circle the world as God's arms enfold mankind. I cradle big ships in my bosom and sing men to sleep with lullabies of wind, as God holds in His arms restless men and sings them into slumber by the songs of His spirit."

The wild waves are saying, "I separate the nations of men. Men would know each other better but for me. I make nations, divide mankind into groups, and families; pair off the races of the world into east and west. The cleverest men in these two

spheres are laboring to bridge me with spirit messages through the air and long ships on the waters. The world is trying to say, 'There shall be no more sea.' And I laugh!"

The wild waves are saying, "I clean the world. All the waters of the world flow into me. The rivers I take into my depths and cleanse. Islands and continents I wash with my tides. Climates I make. Sea fogs are born on my breast and sweep inland with the breeze, moistening the plants and wiping the dust from the flowers. I am the cleanser of the world. I keep alive the spirit of adventure in the world. The Cretes sailed over me first, then the Phoenicians, Greeks, Vikings, Portuguese, Spaniards, English and Americans have all launched their boats on my broad surface and sailed over my far horizon, adventuring and exploring into other worlds and unknown islands that I hide behind fogs in the north and coral reefs in the south. I am the maker of faith in what lies beyond the vision."

"For the sea hath spoken, even the strength of the sea."

XXXI

Enoch the Pioneer

IN the book of beginnings, that is, the first book in the Bible, Genesis, we can read all about the beginnings of the heavens and the earth, plants, the animals and men.

Genesis is the story of new things, new creations, new births, new ways of life, and new Covenants.

We are introduced to a host of people with strange names and odd ways.

Let me introduce you to Enoch, after the manner of "Alice in Wonderland."

"Boys and girls, Enoch."

"Enoch, boys and girls."

Across the centuries you have bowed to each other. Now let me tell you the story of Enoch.

He was one of the pioneers of the world. He made a great beginning. Rather Enoch discovered that he could talk with God. In the speech of our churches and homes that he could pray. Nobody knows the birthday of this wonderful man, nor his birthplace, nor his father and mother.

How he made the discovery I don't know, but it

was a great event, when men "began to call upon the name of Jehovah," and Enoch showed us the way.

Religion begins for us when we say our prayers.

"Now I lay me down to sleep,
I pray Thee Lord my soul to keep."

Religion and prayer are like twins, born on the same day. Did you know that people who have never heard about God, I mean the heathen, pray in their own way?

Across the seas in India, away up in the high mountains, the poor Buddhists, a people you will read about when you grow older, have a strange way of praying. They write a prayer and put it on a windmill and the wind whirls their prayer round and round. In their ignorance they think God hears that sort of praying. Poor people—they pray by machinery, all because nobody has told them how to pray.

The Turks cry, "Allah! Allah!" three times a day, and kneeling on the floor, bend over until their foreheads touch the ground.

Did you know that up in Alaska the Indians have long totem-poles, a sort of prayer pole, they put in front of their houses? Pray they must and that is the best they can do.

Even the Chinese laundrymen pray to their Gods.

(Joss, I believe, is the name of the God they pray to.) And some of them pray to their dead grandfathers.

Everywhere, in every way, sometimes in such a stupid way, oftentimes in pain, and poverty, in gladness and in health men pray. And Enoch was the first man that we know about who lifted his eyes to God in prayer.

What a wonderful thing is prayer!

It is like a sea over which men venture. It is like a ladder reaching upwards to the sky. It is like a battle where we win victories. It is a power by which we touch the hand of God. It is conversation with God. It is communion with God. It is the putting of God's greatness into our littleness. It is the linking of our lives on earth with the life of God in heaven. It is a child talking with its Father in Heaven.

Such was the wonderful discovery Enoch, the old world man, made. A poor, frail man with nothing romantic or clever about him. He was the first of all the human race to bow his head and say, "Oh, God, my God. Hear my prayer."

Now come very close to me and listen attentively. "Have you no great forefathers, or high folks in your family line?"

Call upon God in humble prayer and you shall be a son, a daughter, a descendant of Enoch.

"Have you nothing very particular to do in the world?"

Pray then. It's the greatest work in the world. Be co-workers with Enoch.

"Are you all alone?"

Get in the great company of those praying in adoration and petition to God.

"Are you wondering what you will do in the future?"

Be a man or woman of prayer. It's a great vocation.

Now I think you see how important prayer is in life. And I am sure you are glad I introduced you to the man whose "name was Enoch," for "then men began to call upon the name of Jehovah."

Let us all join the household of Enoch, and let us pray.

XXXII

“Who Is High and Near?”

HERE is a riddle! Who is high and near?

One beautiful day in summer when the sun was shining in the blue sky there were no clouds in sight. The hills were brown and ribbed like the worn teeth of an old lion. All over the fields the green grass waved like the sea, trees nodded in the wind and spoke to one another in the speech of the woods.

“How high the heavens are,” said an old man, standing on a hill slope and looking at the sky. “Higher than my reach,” he continued, stretching his arms upward.

“What can be higher than the heavens?” asked the ancient one, gazing up, his eyes puckered, his brows knit. “Higher! higher than the heavens!” he muttered. “If I speak they cannot hear. If I call they will not answer. If I travel to the end of day they will be over me, when night comes and the stars shine like candles they tell me the heavens are high and distant. Who is higher than the heavens?”

He stood still and looked into the blue space above him, lost in wonder, silent in awe. Then he sat down on the green grass, and plucking a buttercup, looked closely into its yellow cup-like leaves, saying half aloud, "Who is nearer to me than this flower? Speaking and yet silent, beautiful yet unseen. Who is nearer to me? Who is in me and around me? Behind and in front of me! Over me and under me, touching me and I cannot see Him, leaving me always and returning, following me like a shadow and finding me with His eye. Filling me and emptying me. If I speak He hears, call He answers. If I rise up to the heavens He is there. Go to the end of the world I find Him. Descend into the depths of the earth and He finds me.

"Who is high and near?"

Who is able to make the sky blue as the sea in daytime, purple and dark at night, and sprinkled with stars like the daisies in the meadows. Who can make this flower delicate, yellow, shapely and numberless as the sands on the beach? Who? Who? Who, but God?

"Look how high the heavens are in comparison to the earth."

"Nearer is He to us than our right hand."

XXXIII

Guarding the Treasure

A KING named Thossakin lived on the island of Ceylon. He had a remarkable gift, bestowed by the gods. He could take his heart out whenever he wanted to and put it back in again without hurting himself. That made him a dangerous man in a fight because he could leave his heart at home when he went to war.

Thossakin went to war with Rama, another King nearby. Naturally he wanted to leave his heart in a safe place so he took this wonderful organ out, put it in a box and traveled into the forest where an old hermit lived all alone, and gave it to him for safe keeping. Then the king went out to battle against Rama.

But try as he would, Rama could not kill Thossakin. In despair Rama consulted a friend. "My arrows hit and pierce Thossakin and yet they do him no harm," he complained.

His friend was a magician, and by magic he found out where the heart was hidden. Changing himself

into the form of the king, he went to the hermit's cave and asked for the box with the heart.

Without suspicion, the simple old hermit handed him the box. The magician crushed it in his hands and King Thossakin fell dead.

There you have the story as I read it, and it contains a great big truth, that the heart is the chief thing in life.

"Keep thy heart with all diligence, for out of it are the issues of life," advised the wise man of olden days.

"It's the heart that makes us right or wrong," said Robbie Burns, the Scottish poet. And whoever holds the key to it holds the key to life. "Where your heart is there will your treasure be also."

It's the winning of the heart that wins the life. A surrendered heart means a surrendered life. A loving heart is just another way of saying the life is one of love.

Now let this idea find a home in your minds: No man can keep his own heart. It's deceitful and dreadfully wicked above all things, the Bible says it is, and no man governs it. But the great gift of God is a new heart, one of purity that we may see God. A meek and lowly heart that we may be like Christ.

Lest we lose our hearts on unworthy objects, lest we let the enemy steal our hearts, lest we worry over

the shielding of this priceless treasure, lest by the magic of sin our hearts get crushed, we should give them to Christ. He is the redeemer of hearts, the guardian of the hearts committed unto Him.

Then the "peace of God, which passeth all understanding shall keep your hearts and minds through Jesus Christ."

XXXIV

Clean Teeth

IN the land of Syria I read about the ways of the people with their teeth. They have remarkably beautiful teeth. Toothache is rare. Now, please do not make up your minds to emigrate; for the absence of toothache is confined to the poor in the villages and is common enough among the rich folks in the towns.

A strange land indeed, where you get toothache if you are rich and none if you are poor. Well! I suppose those who are neither rich nor poor are best off in Syria; toothache will be a very rare event.

The reason for the excellent teeth of the poor farmers lies in their simple diet of fruit and vegetables, open-air life and—and—no candies. At least they are scarce; sugar is made from the grapes.

Here is a lesson in health and teeth.

The Near East peasants wash and clean their mouth after each meal.

In the wealthy homes, after the dinner is over, servants bring a cup of water, a bowl and napkins

and instead of washing their fingers, they wash their mouths.

Now boys and girls, ply your toothbrush, cleanse your mouth and let no corrupt communication proceed out of your mouth. Such is the way to good health.

Here is a lesson about beautiful teeth.

Did you know that among the Hebrews well-preserved teeth were always reckoned a great mark of beauty.

We read in the Bridal Song in the Bible:

“Thy teeth are like a row of the shorn ones,
That have come up from the washing;
For all of them are forming twins,
And a bereaved one is not among them.”

Keep thy teeth beautiful!

Here is a lesson in teeth-washing.

I read again in the Bridal Song:

“Thy teeth are like a row of the lambs,
That have come up from the washing.”

Some children, ahem!—foreigners come up crying and grumbling from the washing of teeth. But we don’t! Never!

Here is a lesson in judgment and sharp teeth.

In the days of Joel, the prophet, when men forgot God. He warned them: “The plague will come.” So it did. Myriads of hungry locusts swept down on

the land with a noise like whirring winds and falling hail. These hungry little pests had little saw-like teeth, sharp enough to eat into the bark of the fig, the orange and the pomegranate trees. They devoured everything eatable and made the fruitful land a barren waste with their sharp teeth.

Then men began to cry out: "Where is God?"

Here is a lesson about sin and the teeth.

Once I heard a missionary from India say that the natives in her province came to her, wailing and in sorrow. "We are hungry," they said. "How is it we have no bread?"

She took her Bible and read of the judgment denounced on the kingdom of Israel for their idolatry at Bethel and Gilgal:

"I have given you cleanness of teeth,
In all your cities;
And lack of bread,
In all your places."

"Your sins have brought cleanness of teeth upon you," said the missionary. "Forsake your idols and turn to God!"

Here endeth the lessons on the teeth!

XXXV

Wake Up! Rally!

(Rally Day)

SO this is Rally day!

Let me begin by telling you a story of the war.

A colored regiment was in the front line over there in France. Sentries were posted with strict orders to call the officers when the klax horns were sounded, warning the regiment of the approach of gas.

"Now remember," said the officer to a big Alabama negro, "call the colonel when the horns begin to blow."

"Yes, sah, ah'l remember," answered the sentry.

About two in the morning the horns sounded and the negro in great excitement rushed to the Colonel's billet and cried: "Wake up, Colonel! Wake up! Mah goodness! the Germans are comin' in automobiles."

Well! Thank God the war is over! The Germans

are not coming in ships, unless to do business, to our shores. But the W. F. D. is coming.

"What's that?" did you ask.

First the W. stands for the world that is opposed to God and the church. It is coming on us. All the forces of the world's power come stealing in on us day and night.

"What is that you are bringing to the child?" asked the mother of a smiling angel.

"Flattery in a golden goblet!"

"Go!" answered the brave mother. "My child will never drink your dangerous wine."

"What have you hidden under your cloak?" asked the mother next day as the angel came back dressed in a long robe.

"Fame to bind on her golden hair," answered the angel.

"Go!" ordered the mother. "My child can live without your ribbons of fame."

The third day the angel came rolling up to the door in a golden chariot. She got down and rang the bell.

"What have you brought to-day?" asked the mother holding the door with her hand.

"Ease," answered the angel. "She can ride all the days of her life in my chariot."

"Go!" ordered the mother. "Leave my door. My

child must work all her days, not for fame or flattery. God made her to work."

Rally! For the night cometh when no man can work.

We must wake up!

F., that is the "flesh," the lower part of us that might pull us down.

"Who is he but a brute
Whose flesh hath soul to suit."

Who wants to be fleshy like the beasts that fatten in the fields?

"For pleasant is the flesh
Our soul, in its rose mesh
Pulled ever to the earth, still yearns for rest."

Wake up! Rally so that at the end of the year we can say:

"Spite of this flesh to-day
I strove, made head, gained ground upon the whole."

Wake up! For D. Hush! he is coming!

D. stands for the Devil, the evil person who tempts us. He comes in all kinds of dresses, disguised as a friend, speaking softly in our ears. Hush! he is not a nice person to speak about, yet he is very real.

Wake up! Rally!

Rally means "get together."

A sergeant was drilling his soldiers getting them ready for the war, bayonets drawn and rifles loaded. After firing several rounds came the command, "advance." At a bound they were "over the top" and off, heads down; they ran very slowly and together. A breathless man outran his comrades. The drill sergeant shouted to the men, "Keep together, keep together, men, one man can't take a trench."

How truly he spoke. One man cannot officer a Sunday School himself. It takes all the teachers, all the scholars, all the Sundays in all the year. Aye! and nights thrown in to make it a vital institution.

One church cannot save a community. It takes all the churches, working all together, all the time. Again it needs all the churches to save the whole world. The millions of India, China, Japan and Africa demand all our energies.

During the Indian mutiny, the seventy-ninth regiment came to a bridge. The Sepoys had their guns trained on it and it had to be captured. The Colonel drew the soldiers up in line and addressed them.

"Are you ready, Seventy-ninth?"

"Ready Set."

"Are you ready, Seventy-ninth?"

"Ready Set."

"Are you ready, Seventy-ninth?"

"Ready, Aye, ready set!"

"Then charge," cried the Colonel.

"Christian, dost thou see them,
On the Holy ground.
How the powers of darkness
Rage thy steps around?
Christian, up and smite them,
Counting gain but loss,
In the strength that cometh
By the Holy Cross."

"Are you ready?"

"Wake up! Rally!"

XXXVI

Joshua the Scoutmaster of Israel

IN a high place in the Kentucky mountains, there's a monument to one of the Joshuas of America, Daniel Boone. Joshua was the Daniel Boone of Israel; he went ahead and viewed the new land.

Moses led them to the doors of Israel's West, but had to leave the people he had brought out of Egypt. He called a gathering at a place called Shechem lying in a beautiful plain. A wonderful spot it was!

For centuries before Abraham had got a promise there that the land where his camp was situated would belong to his descendants. Over yonder under that oak tree, Jacob pledged himself and his family to the Lord and dug a well in a town called Sychar. Later Joseph's bones were laid there too.

A fitting place for the pledging of a nation's faith! Such was the spot where the old leader and lawgiver, Moses, gave his work over to Israel's new scout, Joshua.

Joshua had all the qualities of a good scout. He had a camera eye for locations. He could shut his eyes and see in vision the rolling mountains sloping

down to the plains. What would lie beyond the bend of a river? Nobody in all Israel, or even in America, had Joshua's gift for picking out a camp site. Israelites trusted in his judgment. If he had lived in our day, he would have surely headed the great boy scout movement. Moreover, Joshua, the scoutmaster, had faith in men. Faith breeds faith. He made his followers feel equal to any task.

A Wellesley college student said of Mrs. Alice Freeman Palmer: "She had a strange effect on me. When I saw her, I felt as if I could do things that I had never dreamed before."

Joshua just created a kindred faith in his followers.

"Though of ourselves all poor are we,
And frail and weak of wing,
Your height is ours—your ecstasy
Your glory, when you sing."

Joshua had faith in God. "Without faith it is impossible to please God." And old scout Joshua was well pleasing in God's sight.

Do we love and trust the people who have no faith in us? Certainly not. Our inner life contracts and hardens when we lose faith in our Heavenly Father.

Joshua had a great commanding faith in his God, that gave him steadiness, inward quietness, loving trust in his followers and great lion-like courage.

At the front in France, the soldiers rated courage

as the highest virtue. I am inclined to think they were right. But there is no end to the different varieties of courage. Most of us are cowards about some things, although brave in nearly everything else.

I wonder if there is a "courage of the coward?" I think so. Certainly there is a noble courage in being meek, silent, patient and faithful. So there is a courage in energy, standing up for the right, in daring to be our own selves, to have opinions and express them.

R. L. Stevenson, that great friend of boys says: "To know what you prefer, instead of humbly saying Amen to what the world tells you you ought to prefer, is to have kept your soul alive."

Courage is needed to keep our souls alive. Minority courage is the moral bravery of leaders. Joshua, the scout, had it in good measure.

On, Joshua, on!

"Be strong and of good courage, be not affrighted, neither be thou dismayed. The Lord, thy God is with thee whithersoever thou goest."

On, Joshua, on!

XXXVII

The King and the Covenant

LONG, long ago when old Jerusalem was the home of kings Josiah was born. He was only eight years old when the crown was placed on his little head. He said to himself, "I will seek God with all my heart." And because he did so the Lord God of Israel made his heart tender, his spirit humble. At a certain time in his life, after the lost book of laws was found he stood up in his place in Jerusalem and made a covenant with God Jehovah; that is, a bargain, an agreement, what a business man would call a contract. A wonderful covenant!

Here it is:

"And the king stood in his place and made a covenant before the Lord, to walk after the Lord, and to keep His commandments and His testimonies with all his heart and with all his soul and to perform the words of the covenant which are written in His book."

The king agreed to walk after Jehovah God. Truly a great task! God was to lead and Josiah was to trail behind. Where the Lord went, like a shadow

Josiah was to be near. If the king drove in his chariot through the narrow streets of Jerusalem Josiah was to feel certain that God was driving in his chariot with him. Whatever the Lord of heaven showed him the king was to do. He walked, a king with the King of kings and because he walked with God Josiah was shown many wonderful things in his life.

When Professor Agassiz of Harvard University took his students out in the country for a walk to show them the wonders of the rocks, the trees and the woods, "Stay with the Professor," older students would advise the freshmen, "stay with him, he will show you something beautiful every minute. Stay by, don't wander away." That's what Josiah did. He stayed with God, walked with him, and the Lord showed him the beauty of His character. To keep His commandments and his testimonies and His statutes with all his heart was the second part of the covenant. Truly another great undertaking!

No mere man has ever been able to do that. But when Jesus was down here in our world He taught one great commandment, which He gave us to learn, to recite and practice. It is all the commandments summed up in one. Rather, it is two commandments. But if we do the first, the second will be fulfilled.

"Thou shalt love the Lord thy God with all thy

heart, with all thy soul, with all thy mind. This is the first and the great commandment, and the second is like unto it. Thou shalt love thy neighbor as thyself. On these two commandments hang all the law and the prophets.”

And to “perform the words of the covenant.”

Now it was possible to carry out the first two parts of the covenant and neglect the third. “To let the deeds prove” which Josiah did, made him a king among men, and a man among kings.

In arithmetic we prove our problems. Life and arithmetic are very much alike. We work out the problems by the rules and prove by the results. If the rules of life are wrong then the results will be wrong. Josiah had the correct rules of life: walking with God, and keeping his commandments. His creed, that is, the thing he believed, he put into deeds. He let the deeds prove his faith in Jehovah God. Then Josiah took the wicked things away from his people, idols and cruel altars and taught his people God’s law, and ways, with the result that “all his days they departed not from following Jehovah, the God of their fathers.

XXXVIII

Why Does God Live?

IN the days when Calvary women with pity in their hearts, and Red Crosses on their arms, went over the seas to old Bagdad to feed the hungry East, and tend the little babes, their fame spread out to the desert. And three wise men went to the city to see them.

They saw pale women with swift feet, and soft hands, brightening homes of woe and hunger that followed the war. They wondered at the love of these women and one day they asked, "Why does God live in a world so wicked and hungry?"

One of the women from the West smiled and her eyes melted with pity at their question. "Men of wisdom, I do not know," she answered gently. As the old wisdom men walked back to their tents in the desert the new moon, like a silver buckle on a black robe, was shining among the near stars.

"The maid with the English speech and the voice like a cooing dove cannot tell us why God lives here," observed the chief of the wise magicians.

"Some things are hidden from the woman's eyes," replied the second magician.

"By seeking men find out," said the third magician.

"Let us search then for the reason why God lives in the world," said the first of the wise men.

So they walked towards the sea and asked an ancient sailor, "Why does God live?"

"I think," and he looked out to the ocean as he answered, "to protect poor sailors. For those who cannot pray should not go down to the sea in a ship. But ask the soldiers, they may know better than I do."

Soldier lads were marching past, home from the wars. "Soldier, why does God live?" one of the three ventured to address their leader.

"Aha! old man," he answered boldly, "why? To help soldiers to fight. On, men, on!"

"God is a God of peace," said the wisest of three wisemen. "I—I—am sure that is not the reason."

"Let us ask the rulers!"

The great man of affairs busy with statecraft looked strangely at his questioners. "To keep the rich and the poor in their places." He laughed as he said the words, "But I never heard any one before ask why God lives."

They traveled to the market place where the noise of bargaining was louder than meeting waters. At

the door of a merchant's house they knocked and entered. "Oh, trader, tell us why does God live in the world?"

The merchant looked surprised and angry as he answered, "Tush! Such nonsense; I am busy. Go away! That's not a practical question."

They left the markets and journeyed to the Cathedral Square and bowing low at the door, entered the church. A great organ was sounding out music like the wind in the forest. White robed choir boys at the altar were making melody with their fresh voices, for it was the hour of Evening Song. The angels looked down from their windows of colored glass, at the faded robes and worn sandals of the three wise men. "Why does God live in the world?" asked the first of the patriarchs, bending down over a worshiper.

"I know where He lives, but why, I do not know," and he went on with his prayers.

"Let us ask the maiden with the downcast eyes. She looks like the mother of God. He may have told her His secrets," whispered the second wiseman to the third. Bending over her, he whispered his question in her ear. The maiden smiled, shook her head and said:

"He visits His house, and I meet Him here—but why He lives I do not know."

Leaving the House of God, they went to the Inn

to sleep. In the morning they asked the keeper of the Inn if he knew why God lived in the world.

"Friends!" replied the Innkeeper, "long ago His Son was born in a stable because there was no room in the Inn. If He comes to my house knocking at night I will put the guests in the stable and give Him the keys of the doors. Why He lives on in the world, why His mother was allowed to sleep in a stable beside the kine, puzzles me. Come with me." He led them to the door.

"Yonder are the Law Courts. The lawmen may answer your question. Good-by."

With fear in their hearts and trembling lips the wisemen of the East entered the grim portals of the Law Courts, and addressed a man of law.

"To administer justice, of course," answered the lawyer and he walked to the Bench.

"Who can stand before His justice?" asked the wisest of the wisemen.

"But he that hath clean hands and a pure heart," answered the youngest.

"Brethren!" said the second of the men from the East, "let us seek the pure hearted and the clean-handed. The secret of God is with them."

So they walked out into the country where the apple blossoms, pink and white, were blowing over the brown roads and the birds in the hedges were piping carols of praise to God. A little girl came

skipping down the path from a cottage, swinging her school books.

"Deep things are hidden from the wise and the great, and revealed to the children. Let us ask the child."

"Little child," asked the first of the wisemen, "can you tell us why God lives in the world?"

She laughed and said, "Oh! that's easy. To give light to them that sit in darkness and in the shadow of death, and to guide our feet into the way of peace."

XXXIX

A Garden of Nuts

I SAW three boys under a tree. One had his cap full of nuts, the second boy had his pockets and a bandanna handkerchief filled with them. And the third boy had his coat off. His elbow peeped out of his left shirt sleeve through a good sized hole and the button was off the cuff band of his right sleeve. It flapped every time he threw a club into the tree to bring down nuts. Farther down the lane under the scarlet maples, their feet rustling on a yellow carpet of leaves, some girls were laughing. Their gingham aprons were full of brown hickory nuts. It was October, the month of nuts.

Let us have a talk about nuts.

Now there are three things about nuts: the husk, the shell, and the kernel. And there are three things about boys and girls; their manners, their shell of reserve, into which they sometimes crawl for defense, and their hearts, which God and mothers only know.

Some folks are like the husk of the nuts, rough, ragged and rude in speech.

"He's rough on the outside," you have heard it said, "but he's gentle inside."

True! Bad manners conceal sometimes a fine character. Watch your manners.

Henry the Eighth was described as "lofty and sour to them that loved him not; but to those men that sought him, sweet as summer."

Watch your manners!

"Men's evil manners live in brass! Their virtues we write in water."

Watch your manners!

The shell of the nut I have said is a defense, a sort of armor that must be pierced to get into the heart. It's a good thing, boys and girls, to have your inner life fenced off.

"A common life" is simply a life without reserves, into which every person who cares to walk, can enter. Guard your inner life from the evil attacks of the enemy. Be careful about letting any one and every one into your secret life. Always keep some spot where no one enters but God and your mother.

The kernel is the heart. Have you heard any one say, "sound and sweet as a nut?"

There now, that's a heart worth getting and keeping. "Sound and sweet as a nut."

"A sound heart is the life of the flesh."

Let me tell you a secret. Some people, grown-ups I mean, are sound but not sweet. To be "sound in

the faith" is great. To "hold fast the form of sound words" is noble. But, to be "sound and sweet as a nut" in the heart is a worthy October aim.

Once I saw a Scotch boy take a nut, and shake it. Then he shook his towsy head and looked serious. He shook the nut again and put it in his mouth. Crash through the shell went his back teeth, and he let the broken nut drop into his open palm.

"Ugh!" he exclaimed in disgust, "it was bosh (empty)." The kernel was withered, dry and dead.

It's a terrible thing to have an empty heart. It's the unsafest and the unholyest thing in the world."

Here is a splendid October prayer.

"Let my heart be sound in thy statutes."

XL

The Ribband of Blue

DURING the great war, an American was standing on a hill overlooking a brown valley. It was covered with khaki-clad soldiers, waiting for orders. Suddenly the whole army moved into two separate columns, and from the far side of the valley French troops appeared. They marched up the center of the space made by the soldiers. And as they tramped along the sun burst out from behind the clouds. It shone fairly on the moving line and quivered over the heads of the French infantry in their blue uniforms.

"They appeared like a ribband of blue in a field of brown," the man who saw it declared. If that American knew his Bible, and why should he not know the book of the church? he might have remembered the Bible phrase in the book of Numbers where it speaks of a "ribband of blue."

Blue is a heavenly color. The priests wore it on the borders of their garments and it had a sacred meaning. The children of Israel were to look on the

ribband of blue and remember God had called them into obedience.

In the skies above their heads and on the great sea beyond the mountains everything was a delicate blue color. Even in the fields God had planted blue flowers. At the feet of the Hebrews they were mere specks and beyond and around them spread infinite spaces of blue.

God wants obedience first. As children, servants, messengers and soldiers we must obey.

All the heroes of faith in the Bible were men of obedience. Abraham obeyed God and became a wanderer. Jacob by suffering learned to obey. Moses hearkened unto God, did as He commanded him and led a nation into a new land. Joshua obeyed and took the Israelites across Jordan. David obeyed God and became king of Israel. Gideon obeyed a messenger from heaven and freed his timid countrymen. Daniel obeyed God rather than a king and the Lord delivered him out of the lion's mouth.

Jesus was obedient even unto the death of the cross "wherefore God hath exalted Him."

The Apostles obeyed Christ and became "fishers of men." Paul conferred not with flesh and blood but was obedient to the heavenly vision.

The Ribbands of blue and the examples of the men in the Bible urge us to obedience. Then we are to obey our parents, and our homes will be havens

of peace, the birthplace of high resolves, pure thoughts, and of the faith of our fathers.

Our teachers are to be obeyed, if we are to become good students. Schools are training places for life. For if we do not obey our teachers how can we obey the laws of our country?

Who would want to live in America if nobody obeyed the laws? Would it be the land of the free, and the home of the brave? Never. Good citizens and good Americans are simply men who are obedient to the laws of their country.

The Ribband of blue God commanded Moses to put on the borders of his people's garments because He wanted them to see with their own eyes and remember to do the commandments of the Lord, throughout their generation. "They put upon the fringe of borders a Ribband of blue."

XLI

Remember Now!

ONCE upon a time a rich man had a great harvest. Grapes hung in luscious clusters on the vines, corn waved in the fields, cattle grazed on the meadows and sheep grew fat on the hill sides.

He built bigger barns, enlarged his wine presses, added to his cattle sheds and grew very wealthy. Then a strange thing happened in the inside of the rich man. He grew poorer and poorer. His soul became smaller and smaller. He remembered only the grapes, the corn and the cattle and completely forgot God. He was in God's world, using all the gifts God gave him, enjoying the riches God's hand showered on him every day, but he completely forgot the Giver in heaven. He saw the gifts but failed to see the hand that sent them. The man was clever and not bad at all. Oh no, only he forgot God, who sends all that we have and that:

"Back of the loaf is the snowy flour,
And back of the flour the mill,
And back of the mill, the wheat and the shower
Are the sun and the Father's will."

About three hundred years ago a young man went to a University to study law. He possessed considerable talent and had bright hopes for the future.

One day he called on an old man who had fame as one of the teachers of the University and told him he had come to see him because of his great wisdom.

"I intend to spare no pains, nor time, nor money to get through the studies," said the young student.

"Well! Then after that what do you mean to do?" asked the wise man.

"Oh! I shall take my degree."

"What then?" questioned the old man.

"I shall work for a reputation."

"And what then?" asked the old man.

"And then," replied the young man, "I shall get promoted to some high office in law."

"And then," continued the wiseman.

"I shall be settled in wealth and dignity."

"And then," asked the old man.

"And then, eh, and then——"

"Remember now thy Creator
In the days of thy youth——"

That is all God asks.

XLII

The Man Who Found a Kingdom

LOOK for it until you find it," I heard a mother tell her boy.

"Where it was lost, there you'll find it," another mother advised. His hat was lost. He searched and found not what he expected, but an old bat, a ball and his sister's doll, "old Mollie." She was a wooden lady without a foot, one ear off, and her hair tacked on with carpet tacks. The paint on her left cheek was all kissed away. The last survivor of a family of china, rubber, wax and celluloid dolls! Alas for the dolls that are no more!

Seeking things is a great adventure. Who knows what you will find? Besides it saves mother's steps and her strength and time. If mothers were paid a dollar an hour for finding the things their children have lost they would all be rich.

Children should begin early and cultivate the habit of seeking, for it has happened, oh, so often, that the small discoveries have in the end been of greatest worth. This world has been enriched by her seekers. Be a seeker.

Columbus sailed west, searching a way to Cathay. He discovered America. No one in all the ship's company was looking for potatoes, yet the potato vine was there, waiting for some one to find it on the American continent. Of more value than all the gold mines of America is the potato plant. Columbus was looking for a new way to the East and he found our land, and a new food plant for the world. What would the English speaking races do without the potato plant? Well! we feel confident the Irish might have died off. Life would be very tame without the dear Irish.

Long years ago in the days when kings wore crowns and all their subjects were learning the alphabet of life, a mighty man named Kish lived in the hills. He had tall, strong sons, men of goodly figures and strength of arm. He kept a number of asses too, wild shaggy animals. It's the nature of them, I suppose, to wander away from their pastures. Maybe that is the reason why they are called "stupid asses." Kish, the hillsman, said to his big son Saul, "Take one servant with thee and arise, go seek the asses."

Saul had no thought of anything beyond obeying his father. He was an obedient, dutiful son, so Saul the stalwart went into a country called Ephraim, on through Shaalim and into the land of the Benjam-

ites. There he grew weary of the search and said to his servant, "Come, let us return."

"No," replied the servant, "there's a man of God in the city. Let us ask him about the asses."

"How can we, we have no present for the man of God?" answered Saul.

"I have a fourth part of a shekel of silver. I will give that for the man of God to tell us the way," said the servant.

"Well spoken," replied Saul, "come, let us go." They went into the city and met some maidens going out to draw water.

"Is the Seer here?" asked Saul.

"He is . . . the people have a sacrifice, and they will not eat until he blesses it."

Saul went on into the city and meeting a man said, "Where is the house of the Seer?"

"I am the Seer," he replied, "and thine asses are found three days ago."

The Seer took Saul into his house and gave him the guest chamber, and the first place at a banquet. Very early the next morning about the spring of the day, he took Saul and his servant outside. "Bid your servant pass on," commanded the old man. Saul did so. Then the Seer with trembling hands took oil and poured it on Saul's head, saying, "The Lord hath anointed thee to be Prince over Israel."

Saul did as he was bidden. He went at his fa-

ther's command, seeking the asses. Look how many things he found!

A man of God, a prophet who talked with the living God. The eyes of God run over the world, seeking men of truth. God's blessing from the servant of the Lord. "The blessing of God maketh rich and addeth no sorrow."

The crown of Israel! Why, Saul was only a herdsman, but he received a Kingly crown.

And a kingdom! What an adventure for a man who went seeking asses!

Who would not go a-seeking? But what are we to seek?

"Seek ye first the Kingdom of God and His righteousness and all these things shall be added unto you."

XLIII

Seven-Story and Basement

NAME your first plaything.”
“Blocks.”

“Did you build a house with them?”

“Yes, sir.”

“How many hours have you spent watching the masons building houses?”

Nobody answers!

Well! We are all builders. Every day in our lives we are building something. Moreover, we are buildings of God. Temples, He calls us.

Boys and girls at school, while busy at lessons, are also putting up houses invisible.

Let me give you a lesson in housebuilding.

A seven-story and basement dwelling. An immortal fabric, fireproof, burglar-proof, robbers cannot enter, thieves cannot break in, no man can destroy it. God inhabited, and no man can take away this wonderful temple.

First the foundation: faith in Christ.

“Other foundations can no man lay than that which is laid, which is Jesus Christ.” He is the rock

of ages, the granite of truth. The house built on Christ will never sink, be blown away, or collapse because the foundation is able to bear the weight.

Houses are like men and women, no stronger than their foundations. Beware how you build. Found your house of character on the Rock of Ages, Jesus Christ.

The first story is built of virtue.

The dictionary says a virtuous person is one possessed of moral strength, an honest man. Robert Burns, the Scottish poet said:

"An honest man's
The noblest work of God."

Another meaning for virtue is "right conduct under discipline." Just plain good habits. For if we lack the riches of good ways all the smoke of passionate desire and vapory feelings will rise into the other stories in the building and spoil the house. Who would live in a smoky house?

The second story is knowledge.

Some folks have zeal, but lack knowledge. Others have knowledge but no zeal. But the knowledge a man has, who builds in Christ and has good habits, is wisdom knowledge.

What is that? Oh, simply the power to see clearly the difference between right and wrong.

Once upon a time a business man—I think he was

a citizen of Glasgow, where they have black smoke and good government—was hesitating and wondering whether his collar was clean enough for another day.

“If it’s doubtful, it’s dirty,” remarked his wise wife. Wisdom knowledge enables us to discern the clean from the unclean. A doubtful way may be a dirty one. Steer clear of the doubtful things and you are safe. The pure in heart see God and are stronger than lions or men.

Temperance is the third story.

The Rechabite family live there. Old grandfather Jonadab, one of the grand old men of Israel lives with them. He will preserve peace and order all through the house.

“What! never heard his name! Go to the Bible, thou sluggard.”

Endurance is the fourth story.

It’s a great virtue to be a good stayer. Be a long distance runner, for it is they that endure to the end that are saved. Many are starters, but few are finishers. Keep on climbing. Keep in the game. Be in the race at the end of day.

Godliness is the fifth story.

“Godliness with contentment is great gain,” says the Apostle. And to be filled with God is Godliness. When the great war was raging a nurse in a London

hospital complained to the Bishop that she had been rudely treated by a patient.

"Well!" said the wise Bishop. "If you are carrying a cup and some one knocks against you one can only spill what is inside." Be filled with Godliness.

It is hard to always show the gentleness of Christ. But if we open the door of the heart God and His company of angels will tenant the fifth floor on a perpetual lease.

Brotherly kindness is the sixth story.

Let that story be very important for if we fail there we fail everywhere, and we will never be able to build the seventh and last story, love.

What makes us different?

Love.

What crowns us?

Love.

What makes us like God?

Love.

What finishes, furnishes and adorns a house?

Love.

"That's a big house," somebody says.

"Yes, but it's for the Holy Family: the Father, the Son, and the Holy Ghost. And it's our great honor to be the 'temples of God.'"

XLIV

Three Cheers!

Hip! Hip! Hurrah!

CHEER up! Smile; things are never as bad as they look. Try to be cheerful. Be cheerful.

Let me impart a secret. God made us and intends for us a cheerful life. The Gospel is the story, the Bible the book, and the church is the house of good cheer. Christians should shed gladness!

“Man’s chief end is to glorify God and enjoy Him forever.”

If we are glorying in God and enjoying Him, we will be cheerful.

“Be glad in the Lord and rejoice.”

“‘Toby Veck, T-o-o-o-by Veck, keep a good heart Toe-bee,’ ” is what the chimes used to say to the little old porter on London’s dark and gloomy days, as he danced up and down to keep himself warm as he waited for a job.”

That was the cheer of the bells.

Out on the cold Atlantic ocean, in winter, a ship was torpedoed. “All hands on deck!” cried the offi-

cers. Sailors, soldiers, wounded and unwounded, and passengers stood together as the vessel sank. The sailors laughed and sang: "Where do we go from here, boys?" as the deck tilted and the ship sagged under the pressure of the ocean. Then as they sank, they cheered for the flag.

That was the cheer of heroism.

"Above all things, try and be cheerful," said the medical officer of New York City, when an epidemic was raging. "A merry heart doeth good like medicine!" To be cheerful and unafraid when sickness reigns is better than carbolics and peroxides. Aye! and cheaper too! Cheer is the best antiseptic. "Throw physic to the dogs and be cheerful!"

There is the cheer of good health!

Our Lord when down here on earth gave three good cheers.

The first one came about in this way. His friends brought a man sick of the palsy. He was lying on a bed and our Lord saw the faith of these men. He always encouraged faith, so He said: "Son, be of good cheer; thy sins be forgiven thee."

The second incident happened about half-past three in the morning when the Apostles were on the Lake Galilee with the wind howling and the waves dancing in fury; overhead, black darkness. Those poor fishermen were afraid and superstitious. "There's something! Look!" one exclaimed. With

hearts beating anxiously they peered through the stormy darkness. "Be of good cheer; it is I, be not afraid."

Jesus gave them the cheer of companionship!

The third cheer was under depressing conditions, which of course is the time we need the tonic of a cheer. The disciples looked glum, sad and worried; the Lord was saying farewell to them in the upper room. He closed His speech: "Be of good cheer; I have overcome the world."

The cheer of eternal victory.

XLV

Buying a Miracle

ONE day George Gissing, about whom you may hear some day when you grow up, was going along the road in a town in England and he saw a poor little lad, perhaps ten years old, crying bitterly. He had lost sixpence with which he had been sent to pay a debt. "Sixpence dropped by the wayside and a whole family made wretched. I put my hand in my pocket and wrought sixpennyworth of miracle!"

For the small sum of twelve cents in American money, he worked a miracle. That was doing good at cheap rates; a bargain day in miracles.

We can work miracles even without money.

"John Morel, Mayor of Darlington," a quaint old town across the seas, "was passing and met a poor unfortunate who had just been released from gaol, where he had served three years for embezzlement. 'Hallo!' said the Mayor in his own cheery tone, 'I'm glad to see you! How are you?' Little else was said, for the man seemed ill at ease. Years afterwards, the man met him in another town, and immediately

said, 'I want to thank you for what you did for me when I came out of prison.' 'What did I do?' 'You spoke a kind word to me and it changed my life.' "

Now that beautiful miracle of a changed life was done without money and without price. A cheery smile and eight little short words in the English language and—and—a good heart—Lo! a miracle! Buy one to-day.

One day in summer the doctor stood beside a sick boy. His parents and his sister watched the doctor's face. "Nothing but a miracle can save him," said the doctor and he left the house, feeling deeply sorry. The little girl had heard the words of the physician and resolved to buy a miracle and save her brother. Of course she did not understand the word miracle. Without saying anything she went to her room, took her savings bank and broke it and went down town.

She walked timidly into a grocer's store. "I want to buy a miracle."

"What did you say?"

"I want to buy a miracle. Doctor says nothing but a miracle can save my brother."

The grocer man was troubled and felt sorry, so he sent her down to the drug store.

"I want to buy a miracle," she told the druggist.

"My dear child, we have no miracles for sale," he said with pity in his voice and face.

A gentleman standing near heard the little girl's question and stepping over, he asked her why she wanted a miracle.

"My brother is sick. Nothing but a miracle, the doctor says, can save him and I want to buy one."

"Come and show me where you live," said the stranger. Together they went to the bedside of the boy where he stood for a long time. "It's true, nothing but a miracle can save the child. I am a surgeon and I'll perform an operation that may save him."

He did and in a few days the little girl with the large faith had her brother restored to health again. She could not buy a miracle, but she had faith and it works miracles.

"All things are possible to them that believe."

XLVI

Who Are the Blind?

WHO are the blind, and where do they live?

Instantly some bright girl answers, "Those who cannot see, and live in shadow-town."

Well! that is one kind of blindness. But we are glad so many clever people are trying to help them and their condition has been improved so much in our generation. However, it is not the sightless I want to talk about, for we may have beautiful eyes and yet be unable to see.

The really blind folks are of two kinds. First, those who cannot see spiritual things. Second, those who have lost their sight by living in the dark. Faithless people, that is, those without faith in God, goodness and truth are only blind. Imagine a city of faithless citizens, everybody groping, fumbling, stumbling and slipping about in the dark. What a sight that would be!

Now the simple truth is, if we do not believe in God we are blind. Lord, open our eyes to see Thee!

Once more, the really blind are those who have lost their powers of vision all because they did not

use their eyes. Moles have eyes, they were not born blind, they grew blind by not using the powers God gave them.

Down in the mammoth caves in Kentucky the fish are blind. Nature gave them eyes but they preferred to live in the dark. Now they have eyes only they don't see. Nature took away the gift because it was not used. May the Lord help us to use our eyes.

Furthermore, the faultfinders are also blind. Those who see the garbage cans on the sidewalks and never see the sun above. The fellows who see the good and turn their backs on it.

"Alas for him who sees a thing grand
And does not fit himself to it!
But the meanest act, on sea or land,
Is to find a fault, and then do it!"

Then those who walk by sight and not by faith are blind. Seeing is not believing but believing is seeing. Faith is vision with your eyes shut. The power to see with our mind's eye what we cannot see with our naked eye.

Once in the long ago time an old prophet of Israel had a good servant and it happened that the horsemen and chariots of the enemy besieged them. The servant rose early one morning and saw them. In his heart grew up a big fear. "Alas, my master, what shall we do?" he exclaimed in his terror.

"Fear not," answered his master and with this caution he prayed: "Lord, I pray Thee, open his eyes that he may see."

The servant was blind to the help God had around him. And the Lord opened his eyes and he saw.

"The mountain was full of horses and chariots of fire round about Elisha."

The blind are those whose eyes are holden. "Lord, open Thou our eyes that we may behold wondrous things out of thy Law."

XLVII

The Piper Prince from the North

JOSEPH CONRAD, the novelist, who writes tales of the sea and ships, says the "north wind is a Small Prince among the powers of the sea."

Well! he may be a "Small Prince" but I am sure he is not a gentle one. He is a bluff, blustering old fellow, who ruffles our hair, and nips our cheeks as he scours past on his way to the south.

Ezekiel, the prophet, said, "A stormy wind came out of the north."

Some of us have never known any other kind of a wind to come from that direction, for His Highness, the Small Prince, has his home in the Arctic lands, where the Aurora Borealis winks at the north star and the frost turns the ice valleys into seas of white silver.

This Prince is a piper.

"A Piper wild from the north he comes
And a bitter blast he blows.

On gleaming pipes, as he rushes out
From his cave, 'neath drifting snows.

"A tartan of sheathing ice he wears,
A bonnet of silvery frost."

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So you can hear him piping down, ready for a fight. This piper Prince from the north land has a large and growing family of boys and girls in our country. They wear heavy boots which, of course, they never wipe on a door mat. Doors they bang behind them and into the house they swing with their hats on. Upstairs they dash two steps at a time, slam into a room, throw their books down with a noise that makes Aunt Sue jump out of her chair. As for their manners, they are rough. Their tempers bluster like the piper Prince, only they never mean to hurt anybody. Oh, no. But it's a storm, an uproar, something broken, then it's all over.

Somebody is hurt.

We would not like it to be published in the newspapers, so we will say it quietly, just under our breath. The daughters of the small Prince with the pipes, have nippy tongues, words that stab like knives, looks that burn and they sometimes say little things, that hurt the feelings and sometimes, not often, they have been known to howl and cry like the "piper shrilling."

But the children of the piper Prince of the north have some good traits. Oh, yes! They are cheery-hearted family, open, clean, straight and outspoken, fine, bracing, healthy, out-door folks. The microbes of jealousy, cobwebs of laziness or the drugs of sleep never hang over them. Never!

Well, I feel sure the piper's children will outgrow many of their faults. They are really only surface defects. Worn on the outside like a winter overcoat. Habits that they will cast off.

Let me tell you now in just a word how the piper's children can be changed.

Jesus, the Lord of the East, by His spirit can temper the north wind children.

Blow on their hearts the heat of His love and make them strong as the north wind, and gentle as a summer breeze.

XLVIII

Jesus Child

WHEN Jesus was a boy he lived in a humble home. His mother early in her life was left a widow with several children. Jesus had four brothers, and very likely two sisters. He was the eldest son in the family that grew up in the little town of Nazareth.

“Little Jesus, wast Thou shy
Once, and just so small as I?”

Yes!

He was. He watched his mother make the bread, patch the clothes, sweep the house, clean the lamps, and at sunset cook the supper. Then the carpenters stopped work at their benches, the weavers left their looms, night came down swiftly and the birds' song ceased in the trees. The evening stars burnt in the sky as the family ate their supper.

“Didst Thou kneel at night to pray,
And didst Thou join Thy hands, this way?
And did they tire sometimes, being young,
And make the prayer seem very long?
And dost Thou like it best, that we
Should join our hands to pray to Thee?”

I used to think, before I knew,
The prayer not said unless we do.
And did Thy Mother at the night
Kiss Thee, and fold the clothes in right?
And didst Thou feel quite good in bed,
Kissed, and sweet, and Thy Prayers said?"

Yes! He did.

In the market place He heard the chaffer of the traders; buyers swearing "by their heads," sellers swearing "by the earth," all the profanity of the bazaars he knew. Every day rough Galilean fishermen from the lake beyond the hills brought fresh or dried fish to his mother's door.

When Jesus grew big enough to climb the hills around Nazareth he could see the plains of Esdrael, and the great caravan roads from Egypt, the Mediterranean Sea, leading up to the rich cities of the north. Camels, soldiers and the traffic of the world rolled by. His town of Nazareth was small but the "kingdoms of the world and glory of them" passed on. Rich men, poor men, peddlers, toilers and travelers, all passed before His eyes.

He knew the village dogs too, the birds by note and name, their nests and ways. Foxes creeping to their lairs, lizards basking in the sun were familiar sights to Him.

Jesus loved the feasts, weddings, and parties, the homecomings of those who went into the world and were welcomed by their friends and neighbors.

On the Sabbath day He went to the synagogue and heard the priests intone the prayers, and the Psalms that we read, also the prophets of our Bible. His Bible is our Bible.

"Thou canst not have forgotten all
That it feels like to be small;
And Thou know'st I cannot pray
To Thee in my father's way—
When Thou wast so little, say,
Couldst Thou talk Thy Father's way?—
So, a little Child, come down
And hear a child's tongue like Thy own;
Take me by the hand and walk,
And listen to my baby-talk.
To Thy Father show my prayer
(He will look, Thou art so fair),
And say: 'O Father, I, Thy Son,
Bring the prayers of a little one.'"

"And He will smile that children's tongue
Has not changed since Thou wast young."

No, He remembers His boyhood in Nazareth.
Even enthroned in Glory, amid the heavenly Hosts,
He is our Elder Brother.

"Jesus Christ the same yesterday, to-day and forever."

XLIX

Ye Olden Carols

(Christmas Day)

WHEN the church of God was in its infancy, the custom of singing at Christmas time began. A new kind of hymn was made called a "carol." The Latin word for "carol" is "carolese" which means to "sing songs of joy." The first practice of singing these beautiful songs of Christ's birth would naturally begin among the Latins in Rome.

When the Gospel went north into France an abbess, with the strange name of Herade de Landsburg, wrote the first carol. It salutes the "Holy Creche" or manger.

Over in Old England, the church of England has a collection of Christmas songs of rare value. The earliest one was written in quaint English.

"When Chryst was born of Mary, free
In Bethlehem that fayre citee,
Angels sang with mirth and glee,
'In Excelsis Gloria!'

"Herdsmen beheld there angels bright
To them appearing with great light,
And sayd, 'God's Son is born this night,
'In Excelsis Gloria!'

"This King is coming to save mankind,
Declared in Scripture so we fynde;
Therefore this song have we in mind,
'In Excelsis Gloria!'"

Of course you have heard of bringing in the Yule log. In some parts of America the custom is carried out yet. But in the days of Knights, fair dames and candle lights, after the log was cut down, and ready a fair haired child was seated on it. Long ropes were tied to the log and lusty men pulled and sang as they pulled:

"Come, bring with a noise,
My merrie, merrie boyes,
The Christmas log for the fireing.
While my good dame she
Bids ye all be free,
And dance to your heart's desiring."

But I am sure you have not heard of the "Boar's Carol." Here is the story.

A pale student of Queen's College in London was going to church on Christmas morning and a big boar rushed at him with its mouth wide open. He had a volume of Aristotle—an ancient gentleman you will hear about in college—and to save his life he thrust the book into the boar's throat, and went on to church. On his return, he found the boar dead,

choked to death by the book. He cut the head from the body, carried it home and composed a famous carol. It was sung by the knights at Christmas banquets when the boar's head, placed on a pewter platter, decorated with holly and rosemary, was carried in by the strongest man. A forester went ahead of the platter, then a huntsman; two boy pages came next carrying the mustard.

In chorus the knights sang the "Boar's Carol."

"The Boar's head in hand bringe I,
With garlans gay and rosemary.
I pray you all synge merily,
Qui estis convivio
Caput apri defero
Reddens laudes Domino."

Another part of the festival of Christmas was the singing of the Waits, on Christmas Eve. Men and boys started out after dark and sang in the street. They went from house to house, singing, and seeking gifts.

"All you that in this house be heare
Remember Christ that for us dyed.
And spend away with modest cheere,
In loving sort, this Christmas-tide."

Another song of the Waits had a joyous strain:

"A child this day is born,
A child of high renown,
Most worthy of a sceptre,
A sceptre and a crown.

Noels, noels, noels,
Sing all we may,
Because the King of Kings
Was born this blessed day."

In America we have some carols of our own. One of the best was written by the beloved Phillips Brooks.

"O little town of Bethlehem,
How still we see thee lie!
Above thy deep and dreamless sleep
The silent stars go by.
Yet in thy dark streets shineth
The everlasting light;
The hopes and fears of all the years
Are met in Thee to-night."

Many of the old customs are only memories now. We smile at the quaint ways and language of other lands beyond the seas, and we are glad of the rich legacy of songs and thoughts they passed on to us. With the same heartiness we sing our carols and minister in our ways of love all because one night there was a mother and her babe lying in a manger. "There was no room in the inn."

L

What Time Is It?

HOW goes the enemy?" I heard a workman ask his mate.

"It's half-past three," was the answer.

To call time our enemy is a very strange way to talk, is it not?

Have you never heard people talk about "killing time?" Yes! I am sure you have.

Time, the hours and the days God gives us are wonderful gifts! Why should we destroy or kill them?

Time is a precious boon. Men have offered all their riches for an hour of it. But the golden moments that make the hours are in God's hands. From the earliest days minutes of time have been measured. I believe the first clocks were basins in water. One on top of the other. A tiny hole bored in the upper one allowed the water to drop into the lower basin, and the emptying vessel recorded the passing of the hours.

Our ancestors in Northern Europe used as clocks

a long wax, or tallow candle twelve inches long, made to burn four hours, marking the hours.

Koreans, to this day, measure time by knots on a rope. The hours a lighted rope smolders between the knots shows the time of day.

Couriers in North West India when traveling and wanting to rest tie a special kind of cord to their big toe, light the end and lie down to sleep. In a few hours the rope burns away until it reaches the skin.

Well! You know how long a man would sleep if you put a burning match to his toe. The courier jumps up, quenches the fire and goes on his journey.

Where and when the first public clock was erected in America I have never heard but 1288 was the year when the first "Big Ben," for that is the name of the clock on Westminster Hall, London, was erected.

Our Pilgrim Fathers had watches, I suppose, at least their sons and daughters have them. May I ask you, "What time is it?"

Let me answer: It's time to get up in the morning.

Listen to the reveille sounding in the barrack square:

"I can't get 'em up,
I can't get 'em up,
I can't get 'em up
In the mor-en-n-ing."

Don't waste time. Get up in the morning.

"What time is it?"

It's time to go to school. In all civilized countries attendance at school is compulsory. The government cannot afford to have its citizens ignorant. Mexico is a restless country because of her few people going to school. India is dark. China is behind the rest of the world. Africa is sodden and unhealthy. Burmah is dangerous. Russia is in distress because the boys and girls have no schools.

It's time the world's children went to school.

"What time is it?"

It's time to work. Jesus said, "I must work the works of Him that sent me." The world needs our work. When you leave school and go to work, "whatsoever thy hand finds to do, do it with all thy might." Build homes, bridges, ships, till the ground, sow the seed, plant the corn.

Every boy and girl has a work to do in the world. No one can do another person's work. Let us work for the time is coming when no man can labor.

"What time is it?"

It's the best time in all the roll of the years. Youth is ours. Some people don't know the golden season. Why?

It's the time to begin following Jesus. Oh, the folly of letting the glad days of childhood slip away, waiting, waiting, waiting. The spring years of life

are full of freshness, all our gifts are in our hands. The bargains of God are spread before us. Great things for nothing. Precious offerings of God, because no money can buy time, tide, opportunity and talent.

“What time is it?”

“Behold, now is the acceptable time, now is the day of salvation.”

THE END

